

ZION'S HERALD

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G. L. HAVEN, Editor,
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CONTENTS OF NO. XI.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	PAGE
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED PAPERS. — The Land of Asphodel (poem); The Outside Coast; The Humble Offering, by Mrs. Edwards	122
How to Break a Church Down; His Experience; Christ Church Chimes; Divorces in Chicago	123
FOR THE CHILDREN. — Bessie (poem); The Money-Digger, by Rev. I. F. Holton; Enigma. FROM HERE AND THERE. The Blood of the Cross, etc., by Rev. L. T. Townsend	124
Sermon concluded.	125
EDITORIAL. — Travel Stains; Du Chailu as Prophet	126
The Great Southwest, by Bishop Simpson; A Turn Well Taken	127
New Churches; Inauguration Incident; Items; Notes; Personal; New Publications	128
THE METHODIST CHURCH. — Maine; Massachusetts; Rhode Island; English Methodism; The New Mission House; Presentation	129
THE CHRISTIAN WORLD. — The Mission Field. General Intelligence — Congregational; Ritualistic; Baptist; Miscellaneous. OUR BOOK TABLE	130
THE FARM AND GARDEN. THE RIGHTEOUS DEAD	131
SECULAR WORLD. — Review of the Week. Register; Marriages; Deaths; Commercial	132

"TO HIM THAT OVERCOMETH." — To achieve success is one of the intensest desires of man, and a most powerful incentive to activity. Believing the object sought after may be attained, the severest and most constant labor of hand, and heart, and brain, are counted as dross, and sacrifices, frequent and costly, are freely offered. And if these longings be after the good and true, nothing can be more laudable and honorable, nor labor better directed.

If knowledge be the object of pursuit, noble is "he that overcometh" the obstacles that are in the way of its attainment, and rich indeed the rewards of its acquirement. Does love for fame win the heart? If sought by serving well the cause of the right, happy is "he that overcometh," and the ages shall prolong the story of his greatness. Does wealth allure? If honorably gained, and well used, well may it be to "him that overcometh;" and sorrowing hearts shall rise up and bless the hand of him that hath relieved their needs. Has passion long raged within the breast? and would its tyrant power be broken and subdued? Better is "he that overcometh" it than he that only conquereth nations.

When the grandest struggle of life is begun, and the interests of the Present and the Beyond are the objects of one's contending, and its success is immortal treasures, the Deity appeals with the eloquence of an holy inspiration to this element in the soul of man. "The world, the flesh, and the devil," are the opposing enemies, but the victor is promised a glorious reward. To "him that overcometh" shall be given "to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God;" it is he, too, that shall "eat of the hidden manna," and have "the white stone," "and the new name;" and shall have "power over the nations;" and to him will be "given the morning star." The battle may be long, and the struggle hard, but "he that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment;" and will be "made a pillar in the temple of God, and he shall go no more out, and to him will He grant to sit in His throne;" and finally, it is said, "he shall inherit all things, and I will be his God, and he shall be my son." Will you be of this class? Conquer yourself, overcome your evil heart by calling for, and abiding in the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. God will help you now and crown you with His glory and joy hereafter.

PREPARING FOR LENT. — Twenty fashionable balls came off in New York, the week before Lent began. Over 30,000 persons went, and \$50,000 were spent for carriage hire, \$80,000 for wines and suppers, \$360,000 for toilets, and \$1,500,000 for jewelry (besides what was hired). Such is the High Church preparation (for this was Episcopal more than Roman Catholic) for keeping its memorial fasting before the crucifixion of the Lord. What a mockery of religion! These women should read Isaiah, third chapter, and see the way God feels towards such professors, and how He will treat them.

Hon. Mr. Menard has been rejected as a member from Louisiana. Gen. Butler sharply referred, at the time of his rejection, to the course of the Joint Convention in refusing to exclude the fraudulent vote of Louisiana, and that of the House, in refusing to admit a loyal man of color from the same State. Mr. Menard made a fine impression in his appeal. He is of pleasant countenance, rather small, with a quiet and somewhat heavy manner. His hair is long, wavy, and glossy black. He appears cool and sluggish on the platform, though his speech was full of shrewd sound sense, plainly expressed. Though he has been refused admittance, he has the honor of being the first of our ostracized class who has dared to attempt an entrance. Members of Congress say his color favored his claim. He is of that class with whom it is called "wild and foolish" to say that whites will yet more closely be united, though they are well united in him. How "wild and foolish" they are who refuse to recognize this law of reason, humanity, and God.

AN IMPORTANT PURCHASE. — The Boston Wesleyan Association have bought, for \$160,000, the Bromfield House property, adjoining the Bromfield Street Church. The estate covers 10,000 feet of land. It is in a central position, and they will doubtless proceed immediately to erect suitable buildings upon it. The site was selected with some remote reference to the creation of a Central Free Church, in connection with the Bromfield Street Church. The whole property would answer well for such an operation. Our readers will be glad to learn of this desired movement.

The Cabinet causes much talk. The first arrangement had weak and strong points. Mr. Washburne is honest and above-board in his operations; a very different style of a man from Mr. Seward. He would have favored Republicanism abroad — what no Secretary since Madison has done. Mr. Stewart ought to have followed the advice *The Independent* gave him and sold his down-town store for a post-office, and his up-town one for a hotel, put his goods into the auction rooms and transferred his clerks to other houses. He could not then, as it suggests, become President, as his nationality forbids that, — the same Hamilton who got the law enacted that heads him off now, having also had put in the Constitution a requisition that the Presidency should not be held by one of foreign birth, except in the case of those who established the government. This article too ought to be repealed. Suppose Gen. Grant had been born in Ireland, would he not have equally won this office? Mr. Stewart might give his up-town store to the Methodist Book Concern. They would like about such a building, and the sacrifice would be a pleasure to him.

The rest of the Cabinet are of no great consequence, but may prove of fair working quality. Gen. Taylor's Cabinet was of much the same grade — a body of moderate and worthy men.

The last Cabinet is no advance upon the first. Hamilton Fish is more of a man of culture after some standards than Mr. Washburne, yet he is less bold and American, and will be less energetic at home or abroad. Gov. Boutwell is a more able statesman than Mr. Stewart, but he will not make an abler Secretary of the Treasury.

The best Inauguration event in Washington was the prayer-meeting. The Lutheran Church at the corner of K and Thirteenth Street, was crowded. Gen. Howard and Dr. Dunstan occupied the pulpit. For nearly three hours short prayers and hymns filled the moments and the place with the most sacred influences. No Administration was ever thus inaugurated. All parts of the land were gathered together, as at the day of Pentecost, only the world had so progressed that all these distant peoples not only heard in their own tongue the wonderful works of God, but rejoiced that that tongue was the same language in all these separated regions. It was in blessed contrast to the hot and horrid Reception, where a crowd void of comfort was jammed immovably for hours together. The prayer-meeting was repeated in many places all over the land. It is a precious sign of the power and depth of the religious sentiment, when a national administration is thus borne into power. George H. Stuart, to whom the portfolio of the Treasury is said to have been offered, made a fervent prayer, and Gen. Howard closed the meeting with a hearty petition.

The Massachusetts Prohibitory Convention assembles to-day, at Tremont Temple. Let every lover of this first of home duties, soon to be first of national duties, be sure and attend. The Legislature has much excellent matter in its composition, but it needs to hear the voice of the people. Let it be spoken in most unequivocal tones; no liquor-shops in Massachusetts; no bars, no whiskey-wine hotel tables, no apothecary grogshops. Prohibition is the need and the will of the people. To the rescue!

At the Missionary Jubilee in all our churches, the paper published in our last number from Rev. Laban Clark ought to be read.

It well describes the foundation of this great charity. Just fifty years ago this month the Society was formed at the instigation of this minister. He lived almost to see its half centennial. All the ministers who shared with him that honor are fallen on sleep, probably, also, all of the laity. Let us remember our fathers by surpassing them in liberality and zeal. Be sure and have, not a collection, but a liberal donation for the semi-centennial buildings.

The Book Concern at New York are devising liberal things. They have in view the purchase of a splendid property on Broadway, near Stewart's and Grace Church, which will cost nearly a million of dollars. We trust that the bargain will be completed this week. If Stewart shall still choose to give the Church his store in that neighborhood, it would be none the less acceptable for this enterprise.

Original and Selected Papers.

THE LAND OF ASPHODEL.

In the land of Asphodel
Amaranth and lilies swell;
Life's fair tree is drooping there
With its fruitage rich and rare
In the land of Asphodel!

Swiftly fly the moments there;
Music filleth all the air —
Angel tones of music sweet;
Noiseless fall their seraph feet
In the land of Asphodel!

In that land so far away,
Ever lasts the golden day;
Sun nor moon that land ne'er see,
For "the Lamb the light shall be,"
In the land of Asphodel!

In that land forever blest
Harps ring out their hymns of rest;
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,"
This is the sweet song's refrain
In the land of Asphodel!

In that land — the Christian's home —
Death nor sin can never come.
Soon, ah soon, the peaceful skies,
To my waiting sight shall rise
Of the land of Asphodel!

In the land of Asphodel
No unholy thing can dwell:
Make me fit to join the song,
Saviour of the blood-washed throng,
In the land of Asphodel!

MALDEN, MASS.

E. C. P.

THE OUTSIDE COAT.

The following incident occurred under the writer's observation. He has repeatedly been asked to put it in writing.

A worthy poor man, employed as a hackman, had rendered some valuable services in a family during the long sickness of one of its members. Among other things he had for several months conveyed the patient in his arms to and from the sick room and the carriage. For this service he had been paid; but in such things there must ever be in one's feelings a grateful sense of obligation which money does not seem to discharge.

The father of the patient had a valuable overcoat nearly new, which was not well adapted to his own use; and it occurred to him that it would be useful to Zachary, the hackman. It was made for cold weather, and besides it was a garment in which the hackman would be willing to appear on the best occasions. He accordingly left word for Zachary to come and see him on a little business.

At the appointed time he appeared, but he was dressed in an overcoat which fairly rivalled the intended gift.

The gentleman was embarrassed. He could not, at the instant, invent any other ostensible reason for the interview; and the following conversation took place:—

Gentleman. I can never forget, Zachary, the service which you rendered here last fall and winter, and I have always wished to give you a further testimony of my gratitude. This I had in my mind when I left word for you to come and see me. But now I feel very much at a loss what to say or do, and it is owing wholly to yourself. I have a valuable outside coat which I can spare, and I was about to ask your acceptance of it, but I perceive you are so well provided for, that I doubt whether you will care for the gift.

He lifted his honest face, on which there was a mingled smile and blush, and replied as follows:—

Zachary. O, it isn't mine. The boss said, "Zachary, you are going to see the gentleman, and your driving coat isn't fit to make a call in. Here, put on mine!" So nothing would do but he took down his best coat from the peg, and made me take off my old one, and he said, "Now you look fit to be seen by anybody." You see, sir, it is a gentleman's coat. It isn't for such as me to wear anything of my own as nice as this.

Gentleman. Well, now put on mine. It fits you every way, as well as if it had been made for you. Does it feel easy?

Zachary. Sir, it beats the boss's. Why, what will the boys down there say to see me fixed up with such a coat as this?

Gentleman. It is none too good, Zachary, for some times and places. You can keep it for your best. But you came near losing it by appearing so well. If I could have made any excuse when you entered the door, I should have said nothing about the coat, and you would have lost it.

Zachary. That would have been a pity, for my own is none of the best, and never was, and is worse for the wear. But I can never pay you for such a coat as this.

Gentleman. If you will accept it, I shall feel happy.

Zachary. If it ever comes in my way to do you a service, please let me know.

Gentleman. Not for the coat. You get it wholly from my interest in you.

Zachary. If you mean by that anything which you say I did for you, that was paid for at the time.

Gentleman. Then let me give it to you because I wish to do so. I wonder, Zachary, if you ever think about what God has done for you and me by Jesus Christ, for nothing.

Zachary. Why, not so much as I ought. You see we keep at it early and late, driving for a living, Sundays and all; no time to think much about such things.

Gentleman. It takes up no time, Zachary, to love God, nor to be loved by Him; and if it did, it would be time well spent. Now I have been thinking, the last few moments, that I might make use of you and the coat to do some good to others.

Zachary. With pleasure, sir; let me know how I can serve your friends any time, and you will find me on hand.

Gentleman. I wish I could make plain to you my thoughts. I suppose if I should tell you, Zachary, about the righteousness of Jesus Christ, you would ask me what it means.

Zachary. You are rather too deep for me, sir; but I hope one of these days to go to church with my wife and children. I have not been for four years.

Gentleman. Do you believe that Christ died for us?

Zachary. Why, of course. Everybody knows that.

Gentleman. What need was there that He should die for us?

Zachary. Well, sir, I will wait on you, if you please to tell; I always make poor work when I try to tell anything out of my line.

Gentleman. I do not wish to talk learnedly to you, Zachary, for nothing is so simple as religion, because God meant it for every one who can understand anything that passes among men. He gave His Son to die that all who believe in Him and accept Him may be saved. If one of your men at the stable should be hurt and not be likely to live, could you tell him what he must do to be saved?

Zachary. I should drive for the priest.

Gentleman. But suppose that you cannot leave him, nor send for the priest, and the poor man said, "O Zachary, what shall I do? I am a great sinner; will God forgive me?" how would you talk to him?

Zachary. I would rather you would be there than me, sir.

Gentleman. But suppose it is yourself who is dying; how would you approach God in prayer? what could you say to obtain pardon?

Zachary. Perhaps, sir, you would please to let me know.

Gentleman. You should say in prayer to your Maker that Christ died for sinners, and that He takes their place, if they trust in Him, and you should then pray to Christ, as the thief on the cross did, to remember you.

Zachary. But do you suppose He would?

Gentleman. He says, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

Zachary. But we must get rid of all our sins first.

Gentleman. You are mistaken, we must in our hearts turn away from them, if that is what you mean; but we must not wait to be perfect before Christ forgives and saves us. We must come to Christ just as we are, and beg Him to have mercy on us, and we must plead His dying love, as the reason why we may be forgiven and saved.

Zachary. When I drive to funerals they sometimes put my hack first, next to the hearse, and I see the coffin a good deal, and I often say, suppose it was me myself.

Gentleman. One day it will be. Remember what I say to you whenever you go to funerals. You need Christ for your Saviour as much now as though you were dying. I wish that you could feel your need of Him, and that you must perish without Him.

Zachary. I'll do my best, sir.

Gentleman. That remark makes me think of the coat. You came near losing it by fixing up to come here. Whereas, had you come just as you were, you would have run no risk.

Zachary. I hope, sir, you do not blame a poor man for trying to appear respectable. I sometimes have to work over my horses in my old overcoat, and it being my only one, I would not like to go into people's houses much with it.

Gentleman. If you should go a begging, Zachary, for a coat, would you borrow a handsome one to beg in? would you not rather appear in your poor coat?

Zachary. Well, that alters the case; the old one, of course, would beg loudest.

Gentleman. When we go to God for mercy, we must be willing to tell Him the whole truth about ourselves. When we apply to Christ as our Saviour, we must not try to make ourselves appear any better than we are, but we must let the truth appear. As we tell a physician all about ourselves, and color nothing, so we must confess everything to Christ. You may see the time, Zachary, when you will say, "I am such a miserable sinner that God will take no notice of me." He will, if you will confess to Him just what you think and feel about yourself; but if you begin to say, "after all, I am no worse than others," or to reckon up the bad things which you have not done, you cannot expect that God will show you His mercy.

Zachary. You mean, I suppose, sir, that I must not fix up, as I did in coming here.

Gentleman. I see you get my meaning. Jesus Christ, by dying for us, poor sinners, does for us what one does for

another when he puts on him a perfect dress. The Bible calls it, putting on His righteousness. He gives it to all who feel sinful and in need of help in appearing before God. But men do not generally perceive that they need a Saviour and His righteousness. When you feel that you must have Him, to atone for your sins, perhaps you will think of what I have said. And then remember this: The Saviour will be more ready to cover your perishing soul with what He has provided for you, than the best of earthly friends can be to give you a garment.

Since this conversation, I have frequently met Zachary on his coach, dressed in the overcoat. How much good the incident and conversation did to him, I never knew, but I have often thought of his fixing himself up for his call, and the danger he thereby incurred of losing a valuable gift, as an illustration of the very common way in which perhaps many actually fail to obtain eternal riches and righteousness.

N. A.

THE HUMBLE OFFERING.

[Extract from an unpublished work.]

BY MRS. C. M. EDWARDS.

We were poor, and very proud. Talk about the pride of the rich, those whose rank and position have come down already achieved and secured to them. For what should they be proud? But to the family who have wrestled all their lives for independence and respectability; rising early and late, and eating the bread of carefulness; vigilantly obliterating the footmarks of poverty lest the public eye should note them; making each garment and each loaf do the duty of two, that a daily penny may be saved for greater need, till at last these well-saved pennies, swell to a humble competence, and the owner looks with a laudable pride on the battles fought and the victory won.

From such a family came my mother to own her humble but happy home, with her few small beginnings, fairly earned beneath the paternal roof. She well knew that the same long life struggle remained to her, for my father was no richer, and so she just girded herself trustingly and lovingly for the work before her.

And the two worked on together until they became three, and four, and then five, and my mother was glad that she had never dreamed of any short road to wealth for them, well assured that she must have been disappointed. It seemed even harder to get bread for the little ones than it had been at the old homestead. But then there was one reason—strange she hadn't sooner thought of that! Her father was a deacon and daily asked for their daily bread, and it was given them. She would ask, for there was something wrong—something that had never come to them in the old home. And so my mother began to pray for bread, and though it did not always come, there came something else to the heart of the poor woman.

And here I might as well tell you that the demon Intemperance had come to us. How early it began to invade our premises I did not then know, but I have since learned that one day my grandfather took mother into the front room, and talked long and faithfully of Benjamin Baily, and his fears that he was given to drink. And mother had answered that she would "risk it." And so she took the husband and the risk together.

It is not necessary for me to recount all that we suffered, or how we were brought down by this beastly habit of my poor father. I call him poor, for vile and wicked as he became, he was always kind and gentle, and so comical in his drunken freaks. We children would laugh nearly to convulsions, but mother never laughed at those times—seldom at any time.

There was, beneath the stairs that led to the loft, an old lounge that had, like its owner, seen better days. It was once the brightest piece of furniture in our keeping room.

Covered with gay patch and farther distinguished by a snowy tid, it had given an air of comfort to the place. But the children were unruly, and little feet had worn the covering, and little hands had shredded it away, so that coarse wool that formed the stuffing stood out in ragged patches and together it was dragged to its hiding-place. It was there that my father slept off his drunken fits and awoke to penitence and remorse. Nearer to the dim fireplace was the door to a small inner room, that was the place where my mother nestled the smaller children, and slept, and prayed. That she did pray, was a profound secret to me at the time. Had I known it sooner, it might have saved me from a strange recklessness and hopelessness in one so young.

One day my little brother Benny climbed to my lap, and putting his ragged sleeves round my neck, said, "Fanny, why don't you pray like mamma do?" I turned my eyes to my mother's pale face; lo, it was pale no longer, but burning hot all over, with blushes in being detected in praying with her little ones.

"Do keep your dirty arms from my neck," said I, giving the child a push from me. I saw his soft eyes fill with tears, and his lip quiver with grief, and the next minute I was running down the hill back of our house with great sobs of anguish bursting from my bosom. I spent a long time wandering by the brook, and when I returned, Benny had forgotten his sorrow, and called me to

see a little frog in a pail of water, which he insisted was his brother. Again my eyes sought my mother's. There was no reproof in them, but an expression of pitying love, such as I have since found in my heavenly Father.

My father had an interval of sobriety, for our baby had died, and he had more respect for death than anything living. In like manner the poor little thing had better robes than any of us wore. I wondered to see my mother weep above the coffin as though there was not enough of us left. And when she left her bed at night and wandered round after the baby, father suggested that she should take Benny to her bosom, in place of the lost one, and himself brought him and laid him in her arms.

The child was delighted to find himself with papa and mamma on waking.

"This nice place to sleep," said he gratefully. "Benny love mamma."

"And don't you love papa too?" asked father, gently.

"O, yes, Benny love all the folks, but pa, why don't you be good all the time?"

"And why ain't I good?" asked father, incautiously.

"O, you dwinks wum, and sars wicked words, and don't pway. O papa, don't dwink wum no more."

My father did not speak; he folded the little boy in his arms, and beat a soft tattoo on his curly head. Perhaps he hoped to soothe him back to slumbers, but the child had got an idea and out it must come.

"If you gets dwunk and sars wicked words, pa, you'll go to the wicked place, and then you won't have no itty boy, nor baby what's gone up the skies. Papa will have to be all loney, all loney."

Nothing could exceed the gentle pathos of those words as, rolling his little head on the pillow, he repeated them, in his soft musical voice. You should hear our father repeat them and their effect on the poor inebriate.

There was quite a stir in our neighborhood when it was rumored that a good man was coming to live in the Bassett House. Mr. Bassett was a young man who had settled on the place, but who in less than two years had sold out his stock, furniture, etc., and gone with his young wife to California. His house was to be sold or rented the first opportunity, and a good man had taken it. That was the best of all, for in our town there were many that Benny would have sadly rejected in his catalogue of good men.

I was coming down the street one day with a measure of wild fruit I had been gathering for a sick woman, when I saw a cluster of ladies standing before a door and talking earnestly about the coming strangers. It seemed that the good man had come to preach to the people who needed it so much, and had concluded to make a home between the two villages where his services were mainly expected. Hearing that the young couple had intended to board, it was wisely suspected that they were not prepared for house-keeping.

"Now all we have got to do," said good, fat Mother Hansom, "is for each one to give or lend a few things to fix up the kitchen, and may be a bedroom or two, and the rest of the things will come along easy like."

I saw that the old lady had a pair of heavy blankets on her arm, that looked pretty hot in that sultry sun, but there was a basket in her hand with cool linen pillow-cases, woven by her own hands, and some fresh damask from the same manufactory.

Other ladies had their offerings with them, pieces of crockery, or some culinary article; odd and miscellaneous things were, none of them paired or matched with another, but "better than nothing in an empty house," said Mother Hansom, with characteristic good sense. I lingered long enough to learn that on Tuesday week they must have everything completed and a supper prepared for the minister and his wife, and it was hoped that every family in the little neighborhood would be represented. Then I walked on with my head and heart full of one grand idea.

I would make an offering to that enterprise, not for myself alone, but for the family. Something should be given from our poor home to that of the holy man; if not, I should feel that we had no part or lot in the matter. Even the gospel that he came to preach would be sealed to us, and we left, as Benny would say, all alone, alone.

I went home in one of my reckless moods, and began rummaging the house, but there was not one thing that we could possibly spare that would answer at all. Mother thought I was crazy, and did not wonder, for poor pa had been fuddled for several days and there was only enough bread for the little ones, and I, being quite a tall girl, needed food, and was very nervous without. At last I found a towel, strong and not quite bleached, and ran to mother to ask her if I might have it.

"Why, where did that come from?" said she, "it is one of the dozen I wove when I was only fifteen;" and mother held it dreamily in her hand, thinking of the old times.

"I want it, mother," said I.

"Well," she answered, looking wonderingly into my face.

"Goin' to be married, Fan?" (hic hiccough) said father; "wouldn't do it, women are street-spinners here'n this village (hiccough)."

"And the men are all reellers," I answered saucily.

Mother looked sorrowfully at me, and now that I had got an offering for the parsonage I was softened, and thought of the good time coming to the place, when there would be no "reeling" husbands or weeping wives or saucy girls, but a godly, happy, peaceful community.

Could there have been faith in the depths of my troubled, wicked heart at that time?

Well, the eventful Tuesday afternoon came, and with my one dress newly-washed and starched and neatly ironed, and my brown hair combed smoothly back from my sunburnt face, I took a basket of blackberries, and laying the towel on the top, I started for the gathering. I felt very humble and timid, but a kind of sweet hopefulness that had clung to me from the first knowledge of the enterprise.

There was a good deal of noise and bustle in the kitchen when I went in, for the ladies were unpacking baskets and talking loudly, and all together, and somehow I got crowded up between the windows with my basket, when some one whispered, "Here they come, out here;" and sure enough, there was the minister and his little wife, shaking hands with everybody and smiling so sweetly. At last they got to where I stood, and the lady held out her hand.

"I don't know your name, but—"

"Fanny Bailey," said I; "will you accept a towel to wipe the dishes? 'tis all mother had to send."

How I had the courage to say so much I don't know, but the lady looked at me so sweetly, and then turned and presented Mr. Moore, her husband, and I put the basket of berries in his hand, and would you believe it, they stood right there and laughingly agreed that he should wipe his face on her towel, if he would divide the fruit; and I was called upon to witness the treaty. O it was the happiest hour of my life, and the beginning of my many happy hours.

I have not time to tell you of all the good that followed in the footsteps of brother Moore. How the wilderness blossomed as the rose, and the parched ground gave forth springs of living water. Weeping wives lifted their heads and smiled with new-born hope. Reeling husbands walked erect in the pride of manhood. Substantial comforts came to the homes long bare and desolate. Dear Mrs. Moore became as a sister to me; in her friendly bosom I poured all my sorrow and pride and wickedness; with her I learned humility, submission, and trust in God.

Our home is now comfortable and happy. Little Benny has gone to his loving Saviour. Our father is our pride and joy, for he is laboring in the cause of temperance, and many poor wandering inebriates are being reclaimed through his influence.

Many years have passed since I made my first offering for the sake of the gospel, yet I am sure it was the first link that bound me to the good and the true of this life, and though the chain is oftentimes dim and tarnished here, the links will be golden in that land which lies beyond the river of death.

HOW TO BREAK A CHURCH DOWN.—To do this effectually you must—

- I. Discourage the pastor.
- II. Discourage your fellow-members.
- III. Destroy the confidence of the community.

1. To discourage the pastor.

1. Absent yourself from one service every Sabbath, or miss at least one in three; if he is not very strong, once in four times may answer.

2. Neglect prayer and class-meetings.

3. Criticise your minister freely—praise him sparingly—find fault plentifully—pray for him little or none.

4. If he proposes to hold extra meetings, withhold your cooperation.

5. Give yourself no concern whether his salary is paid or not.

6. Never call on him socially, or allow him to think that his comfort or that of his family is a matter of any importance in your eyes.

II. To discourage your fellow-members.

1. Observe the directions given above.

2. Complain about everything they do and don't do.

3. Contrive to make yourself the head of a clique, and by their assistance and your own industry, keep the church in hot water generally.

4. While doing this, lose no opportunity to complain of the bad treatment you are receiving.

5. Be as much like Diotrephes and as little like Paul as you can.

6. Discard charity and candor, take distrust to your bosom, and make scheming your specialty.

III. To destroy the confidence of the community.

1. Observe the foregoing directions.

2. Tell the people that you are in the church by force of circumstances, but have no respect for the way in which business is conducted.

3. Publish the faults of your brethren, taking care to magnify them.

4. Make no effort to induce people to attend the church.

5. Take no part in the labors of the Sunday-school.

6. Publish it on all occasions that you have no confidence in the concern—predict that it must fall—go down—blow up—and never can succeed.

By observing these directions faithfully, you may have the satisfaction, if the church is not unusually vigorous, of witnessing the fulfillment of your predictions.—*Irish Evangelist.*

HIS EXPERIENCE.—In a recent sermon, Mr. Beecher thus alludes to his conversion and subsequent experience:

"I was a child of teaching and prayer; I was reared in the household of faith; I knew the Catechism as it was taught; I was instructed in the Scriptures as they were expounded from the pulpit, and read by men; and yet, till after I was twenty-one years old, I groped without the knowledge of God in Christ Jesus. I know not what the tablets of eternity have written down, but I think that when I stand in Zion, and before God, the brightest thing which I shall look back upon will be that blessed morning of May when it pleased God to reveal to my wandering soul the idea that it was His nature to love a man in his sins for the sake of helping him out of them; in short, that He felt toward me as my mother felt toward me, to whose eyes my wrong-doing brought tears; who never pressed me so close to her as when I had done wrong, and who would fain, with her yearning love, lift me out of trouble. And when I found that it was Christ's nature to lift men out of weakness to strength, out of impurity to goodness, and of everything low and debasing to superiority, I felt that I had found a God. I shall never forget the feelings with which I walked forth that May morning. The golden pavements will never feel to my feet as then the grass felt to them; and the singing of the birds in the woods—for I roamed in the woods—was cacophonous to the sweet music of my thoughts; and there were no forms in the universe which seemed to me graceful enough to represent the Being, a conception of whose character had just dawned upon my mind. I felt, when I had, with the Psalmist, called upon the heavens, the earth, the mountains, the streams, the floods, the birds, the beasts, and universal being to praise God, that I had called upon nothing that could praise Him enough for the revelation of such a nature as that in the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Time went on and next came the disclosure of Christ ever present with me; a Christ that never was far from me, but was always near me as a companion and friend, to uphold and sustain me. This was the last and the best revelation of God's Spirit to my soul. It is only when the soul measures itself down deep, and says, 'I am all selfish, and proud and weak, and easy to be tempted to wrong; I have a glimmering sense of the right, and to-day I promise God that I will follow it; but to-morrow I sink down with discouragement; there is nothing in me that is good; from the crown of my head to the sole of my feet I am full of wounds and bruises, and putrefying sores;' it is only then that a man has passed through death to life, from darkness to light, from sorrow to joy."

CHRIST CHURCH CHIMES.—Is there any boy left in Boston to whose ears the Christ Church chimes sound as they did to mine? Some travelled persons in Litchfield had informed me that the churches in Boston were so thick that the bells on Sunday morning would almost play a tune. The first Sunday morning after the family took possession of the house in Sheaf Street, being in the back yard, I heard in a wondrous manner the tune of Greenville played on bells. The whole air was full of Greenville. The racket of bells at large was great and exciting—harsh ones, deep and clanging, and "Ware's bell"—as the boys called it—sweet as a French horn; but right on, clearly and solemnly, amidst this great clangor, I could hear the distinct notes of Greenville, as if it had been some Christian singing undisturbed in the vast hubbub of Vanity Fair.

I was fully persuaded that this was the thing predicted, and that this tune simply fell into place among the vast number of bell strokes. Too young to analyze or reason upon the matter, I listened with pleasure and amazement which I fear nothing will ever give me again—till I hear the bells ring out wondrous things in the New Jerusalem. And when, after a few minutes, the tune changed, and St. Martin's came sadly and slowly through the air, I could contain myself no longer, but rushed, red and eager, to bring out "Charles," the inseparable companion of all my marvels, who opened his great eyes with a look of amazement; as utter and implicit as if he had been a young devotee witnessing his first miracle. I expounded to him the cause, taking for text the report which had been made to me while yet in the country. Alas for marvels! The cook, overhearing, laughed us out of countenance, and explained that it was a chime of bells, and also what a chime was. Of course we were wiser and less happy. But never, in forty years, has that chime of bells sounded without bringing back, for a second, the first electric shock of wonder and pleasure.—HENRY WARD BEECHER, in *New York Ledger*.

DIVORCES IN CHICAGO.—"The work of family dismemberment" is the suggestive name which a Chicago paper applies to the divorce business of the Chicago courts during the year 1868. This word, it adds, will probably suggest forebodings to "those eminently well-meaning persons, of a dyspeptic turn, who are predestinated to morbid views of things," and have not long been residents of Illinois; but the Chicago press seems not disposed to take too gloomy a view of the matter, and gives statistics with much cheerfulness of manner. 460, it appears, is the whole number of persons who have applied within twelve months for a dissolution of the marriage contract. This is 122 more than applied in 1867. Of these, 284 were women and 176 were men, and of the successful suitors also, the women were in a majority of 113. The greatest number of actions was brought in the month of June,—for what reason is not stated, and we cannot conjecture. October was another month of emancipation, and that for the reason, as the *Chicago Times* thinks, that so many persons were then making their domestic arrangements for the winter—which seems quite plausible. On which the *Nation* justly observes:—

"On the old theory of marriage, 460 divorced persons in one year, in one town, afford, with their sons and daughters, a spectacle that may well set society thinking."

For the Children.

BESSIE—SIX YEARS OLD TO-DAY.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

Sunniest of sunny girls,
Merry as a dancing fay,
Laughing through her flossy curls
Like a sunbeam through the spray,
Where a melting mist unfurls,
—
Bonny Bessie Grey,
Six years old to-day.

Darling of the hearts of all,
Perfect Summer's mellowest ray,
To the few whose coronal
Is her love-bloom, every day
Opening sweeter, with no fall,
Tender Bessie Grey,
Six years old to-day.

From the sunlight of her hair
To the small foot's twinkling play,
Every inch is sweet and fair,
Perfect grace from perfect sway
Of an inward music there!
Buoyant Bessie Grey,
Six years old to-day.

O, the sunshine of her heart
Fills her eye as breaking day
The June heavens; and just apart,
See, her rose-bud lips display.
How the folded petals start!
Blooming Bessie Grey,
Six years old to-day.

Slender birdling of the Spring,
How we bless the growing ray,
That still tempts her little wing
Not to spread and fly away;
Sweetest of the birds that sing,
Joyous Bessie Grey,
Six years old to-day.

Oliver Optic's Magazine.

THE MONEY-DIGGER.

BY REV. I. F. HOLTON.

I could go no further; the approach of night found me in a labyrinth of hills in the heart of the Green Mountains. I had certainly reached their western watershed that afternoon, but the cottage where I was inquiring stood near a rivulet which I was told was the very head of a river which hugged the eastern base of the mountain summits, for many a mile, and then turned east into the Connecticut. I could not determine whether my informant meant the West River, emptying at Brattleborough, or the Deerfield, which was yet west of this, and leaves the mountains in Massachusetts. But it would be rash to attempt to follow any of the numerous paths through the deep snow, where the dark pine woods almost shut out every glimpse of the sky, with the hope of reaching my destination after dark.

The man was rough but kindly. Neither the wife, the cottage, nor the numerous small children were examples of neatness. But I found that welcome which is habitual where a strange face is rarely seen, and the opportunities of exercising hospitality are few. A huge pile of hemlock logs blazed and snapped out coals from the stone fireplace. On the cross-legged table, innocent of linen, stood a dish, more than a foot across, filled with milk. It was flanked by a deeper, narrower dish filled with a composition known in many lands as *potato, supawn, masa morra*, or mush, but here called *hasty-pudding*. Like the derivation of *lucus a non lucendo*, this last name is rather inappropriate, as the dish needs deliberate boiling. The board was edged with an array of brown and white earthen bowls and tin dishes, diminishing in size, in each of which was an iron or pewter spoon. The unceremonious repast disappeared with a rapidity that threw light on the word *hasty*, which evidently relates not to the origin, but to the departure of the "pudding."

After supper, my host produced what he rightly supposed would be a curiosity to me. It was a sort of cartridge, from the end of which projected two slender sticks of whalebone. It contained, he said, a piece of gold, another of silver, another of antimony (sulphuret), and some quicksilver in a quill. The case was of the skin of a colt, taken from the body of its dead dam. It was a sort of divining-rod, which, being held in the hands of a man born under certain auspices, would indicate the presence of water or precious substances beneath the soil. Clairvoyance and Spiritualism were then in the future, but my host was a medium through which this incantation worked out its blessings on man. A simple forked twig of witch-hazel, or even of hazel, is wont still, when held in a similar manner in the hands of a similar man, to reveal the place of a hidden "stream" of water running thirty feet beneath the soil.

These men are honest, and really believe what they tell us, and their repeated experiments tell the same tale of the same spot, except the medium be blindfolded. The position of the two elastic rods, in a state of tension, is such that the slight unconscious contraction of muscles in the hands will cause the rod to revolve through a considerable arc. So it was a precursor of Planchette, and deceived the operator while manifesting his imagination. I have not forgotten, in thirty years, the marvels he told me that long winter evening. He believed them all, and almost magnetized me into the belief of them.

On a mountain side, ten miles from there, lay an immense mass of silver, which whoever finds can never find again. A hunter, who found it, chopped off a corner and left his knife there. Years after, a neighbor brought away a piece and returned to him his knife. Their joint effort to rediscover the spot, was fruitless. Various men have seen it since, but no man twice.

Twenty miles southeast was once a vast treasure in a small cave, with a ton of gunpowder secured in glass demi-johns, so that any attempt of an uninitiated person to open the cave would result in an explosion. Two Spaniards once hung around the neighborhood for a week, on some pretext, and afterwards the cave was found opened and empty.

My host himself had dreamed that an angel had led him to the side of a ravine, fifteen rods south of his house, and bid him dig. He visited the spot the next morning. It was in a dense primeval forest, and he had never noticed it before. It was so accordant with his dream, in minute particulars, that he was awe-struck, and did not disturb the soil. His dream was repeated several times, and he often visited the spot. At last he found a large hole there which must have been dug some night, and in the bottom of it an impression as if a large iron pot had been buried there: A year later, the spot was cleared of trees, and it was discovered that there was a circle of marked trees about the hole and a line of marked trees down to the bank of the stream. The marks seemed to have been made about the middle of the last century. I saw the hole and the stumps, the next morning—but not the marks. His theory was, that the Indians who plundered our frontier in the "Old French War," followed up this river to its head on their return to Canada. Striking across to Otter Creek, from here, they disburdened themselves of the most precious part of their load. He held that hid treasure had some mysterious means of revealing itself to minds of a certain constitution.

My theory was, that the same insanity that has infected so many minds, since the days of Paracelsus, was upon him.

I had seen before where men had dug in the night for treasure hid by Captain Kidd, three hundred miles from the sea, three miles from the Connecticut, and many rods from any stream, and in what the diggers could remember to have been trackless forest. It is said that they refrained from speaking while digging. They held that Kidd had killed one of his followers at each cack, buried his body with the treasure, and left his spirit to guard it.

Money-diggers are always poor. There are but two ways of gaining wealth. One is by earning it. He who earns money always benefits somebody else in the act. The ways of earning are innumerable. The ways of getting money without earning are innumerable, but they have no common name. Stealing, begging, cheating, speculating, and gambling are some general names. Most who seek wealth by earning only, succeed more or less. Most who attempt the other ways fail, and all of them fail of happiness. And of all of them, one fact is summed up in Holy Writ: HE THAT HASTETH TO BE RICH SHALL NOT BE INNOCENT.

SOUTH MALDEN.

ENIGMA NO. 6.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 4, 5, 7 is a poem.
My 6, 1, 2, 3 is useful to some animals.
My 9, 10, 11, 8 is destructive.
My 12 you will find in Boston but not in Chelsea.
My whole is a motto. Z.

ANSWER TO CHARADE NO. 2.

God be merciful to me a sinner.

FROM HERE AND THERE.

THE FIRST STEP IN PRAYER. He that makes but one step up a stair, though he is not much nearer to the top of the house, yet has stepped from the ground, and is delivered from the foulness and dampness of that. So in the first step of prayer: "God be merciful to me a sinner." Though a man be not established in heaven, yet he has stepped from the world and the miserable comforts thereof.

"Impartial history, then, must reply that the question of the justice of Jesus' condemnation depends upon the judgment which is formed of his character. If he had been only a Galilean Rabbi, the tribunal of history could not rightfully reverse that of Caiaphas. In the mausoleum of the noble dead, there is no place to erect, by the side of Confucius of China, Buddha of India, and Socrates of Greece, a statue to the memory of Jesus of Nazareth. He is either the Son of God, or He was a false prophet; He was either more than a philosopher—or less than a true man. Between the faith which bows before His shrine, and the philosophy which confirms the sentence pronounced by the Jewish Sanhedrim, there is no alternative. He is worthy of worship, or He is guilty of death.

"In a word one must be either a Jew or a Christian."—ABBOTT'S *Life of Christ*.

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.—"Mamma, mamma," cried a little boy, when the sun set gorgeously red, one Christmas-eve, "see how hot heaven is over there. Santa Claus is baking, I guess."

"In manner somewhat like, did one of these natural philosophers account for another phenomenon. Hearing a man dump coal in the bin one day, with a terrible rumbling, he shouted:—

"O mother! now I know what makes thunder; it is God putting coal on."

"Children are great realists, interpreting things in the

most literal sense. To the infantile mind, the beautiful metaphor of the Lord walking in the garden in the cool of the day, conveys the idea of a tangible presence.

"I know," said a little boy to whom the passage was read; "just as papa does, with his hands behind him, and an old coat on."—*Hours at Home*.

Doctrine without life is like food in the stomach of a corpse, sure to corrupt.

A letter may be as important in Theology as in Algebra.

Those that love the truth well enough to die for it, want to state that costly truth so truly that no unbeliever could profess it without falsehood.

A poor, wild, Irish boy, taught in a mission school in Ireland, was asked what was meant by saving faith. He replied: "Grasping Christ with the heart."

A female slave in Travancore, at a public examination of candidates for baptism, in reply to the question, what is meant by the words "Thy kingdom come," (when the silence of others made it her turn to speak), modestly said, "We therein pray that grace may reign in every heart."

Says Ruskin: "You know that to give alms is nothing unless you give thought also; and that therefore it is written, not 'Blessed is he that feedeth the poor,' but 'Blessed is he that considereth the poor.'"

Thomas Dutton, now a centenarian, is the only living person who heard the bell of Independence Hall "proclaim liberty throughout all the land." When will the last man be living that heard the fulfillment of that announcement, the Proclamation of Emancipation?

At a late fire in London, while the engines were discharging their contents against the front of a house, an inscription on it became nearly obliterated. "By my sowl," exclaimed a witty Irishman, "this is a queer time for a joke." "And who is joking?" growled one of the firemen. "Why, don't you see, honey, how you are playing upon words?" replied Pat.

THE BLOOD OF THE CROSS, MAN'S RECONCILIATION WITH GOD.

A SERMON,

BY REV. L. T. TOWNSEND,

Preached at Bromfield St. M. E. Church, Boston, Feb. 7, 1869, in reply to the Introductory Address of Rev. John Weiss to the "Sunday Afternoon Meetings," in Horticultural Hall, Jan. 17, 1869, on "Religion Man's Reconciliation with God."

(Concluded.)

III. The Religion of Social and Political Science is found surreptitiously decked in the beautiful robes of True Religion.

One way to elevate one's self is to slander his neighbor. This is especially aggravating when the neighbor's personal property and real estate are taken to secure and perfect the elevation. This Horticultural Hall movement is an insinuation against Christianity under circumstances not altogether creditable. It flaunts arrogantly before our eyes garments which belong not to itself, but to a by-stander. We pass to the proof. We speak plainly, but in no ill temper.

There is not the first complimentary word in the discourse of Mr. Weiss respecting the Christian religion. One is left to infer that it has done nothing whatever to benefit mankind. Were this all, we could bear it; but this is not all. He repeatedly, and without provocation, slurs the Christian religion. The following is an effort to array society in general against it:—

"Religion perceives that its finest texts have only furnished sedatives to mankind, which has come out of each narcotic drowse to find its trouble aggravated. Not to multiply the instances which make history appear to be only a late rectification and afterthought of divine justice, as it struggles to repair deficiencies in the practical effect of nature and circumstance, it is safe to say that the whole structure of society is an indictment which religion must quash, or be put into the bar to be judged by a moral sense that is superior to the evils which it has accused."

"Religion has undertaken to do this by methods that have only given emphasis to ignorance. It has shared the original taint; its explanations have been additional evils."

Mr. Weiss could not have sharpened the edge of these charges one whit, had he made this addition: "Let every man, woman and child be heartily ashamed of—nay, file their worst indictment against—this foe of society, the Christian religion."

Hear him again:—

"If it is still worth while to keep the word 'religion' in the human family, to represent a tendency that has ennobled the past, and is the hope of the future, we must show that there is a better way of binding men to God than by tying them neck and heels, with the strands of doctrinal assumptions, or thrusting them in a pew to listen to a service that is only an apology for God's defects."

This sentence is meaningless, unless it means that the ordinary agencies of salvation are uninspiring and nugatory; while its closing words embody a base and groundless insinuation against all revealed religion. Next, Mr. Weiss attempts to strip Christianity of its supposed excellences.

"The oldest temperance address on record," according to his statement, "was composed in China 1130 years before Christ."

"We can perceive a spiritual superiority in the Chinese statement of the Golden Rule, for Tze Kung said: 'What I do not wish men to do to me, I also wish not to do to men.' This puts the Golden Rule back into the truth of the heart; the New Testament lets it away only the deed."

O Christianity, how threadbare, how poor and mean thou art! The detraction, based upon the Chinese Golden Rule, is a tremendous strain, and is very far from being correct. The Tze Kung only states the rule negatively; Christ, positively. The New Testament does place the truth of it back in the heart, and does not let it sway the deed only. Listen: "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would ('thelate') that men should do to you, do ye even so to them" (Matt. vii. 12). The discriminating part of the rule is entirely volitional, while the practical deed enjoined leaves no sentimental wish to control the action, but sends the agent forth into storm and darkness, if need be, to relieve the distressed. This was a very unfortunate comparison of Mr. Weiss. Perhaps he had forgotten, furthermore, that it was Confucius who said that it was not expected that one could live up to this rule; while it was Christ who enjoined its constant practice upon every one of his followers. The fulfillment of it is the very genius of Christianity.

We shall desire to shake hands with this gentleman from Watertown, when next we meet (and doubtless shall do so), but for all that, we abate not one jot or tittle in expressing our unqualified indignation against these disparaging misrepresentations. They are unworthy of the source whence they came.

May we not henceforth ask, with manifest propriety, and without a breach of common politeness,—Why are these "Sunday After-

noon Meetings" instituted? Will any one venture to say,—for the same reason that other Sunday afternoon meetings are instituted? Ah! does the spirit there displayed allow of such an explanation? We think that Mr. Weiss and his friends, in their honesty, will say otherwise. The Christian Church, at least, cannot shake off the conviction that the whole movement is a slur against revealed religion, under the covert of supplying a pressing defect in all existing forms of religion. What are the defects? According to modern reformers, they fall into two general classes—*Esthetical* and *Philanthropical*.

It is continually asserted that the Christian religion is insensible to all forms of beauty in art and nature; that its eye is ever closed to the gladness of earth and sky; that its step in the meadow is not elastic, but, according to Mr. Weiss, "goes mauling with its attack of mediatorial piety and grace."

Christians are represented as enjoying no religion, save that which counts beads or speaks in meetings, walks in churchyards or builds its abodes with dead men's bones.

What follows? The necessity of instituting "Sunday Afternoon Meetings," in order to correct these perversions of nature, and lift the race into that true, æsthetic atmosphere, from which it has been so long excluded. How pitiable our condition! how commendable the movement! All the reply these insinuations deserve is, that they are false. The very genius of the Christian religion, that of the atoning kind, we mean, is æsthetic,—grandy and sublimely æsthetic. The voice of religion, like that of its Divine Founder, is ever heard, saying, "Behold!" "Behold!" as it points its newborn children to the cloud above their heads, and the daisy at their feet.

The little rose-bud, the texture of flowers, the vine cluster on the trellis, the sea-foam on the shore, the rainbow in the sky, the forest foliage and silent hills, never escape the notice of its eye. The non-recognition of these phases of Nature is not the result of Christianity, but exists in spite of it.

The only imaginable ground for the above objection against us is, that we have made these things secondary (as they ought to be); other things, primal. We own that the Church has been guilty (if it be guilty) of sharing the sentiment of Coleridge, that the fairest flower, which was ever seen climbing up a poor man's window, is not half so beautiful as the Bible which is seen lying on the table within.

Look at the other plea for abandoning Christianity,—its lack of true philanthropy.

The priest and Levite, in the parable, are constantly thrown in the faces of Bible Christians. There is no end to the slurs they have received respecting what they have not done; and there is no end to the boastful pratings of their opponents respecting what they are about to do.

The Christian Church is represented as disregarding the philanthropic spirit of social science; hence it becomes necessary for a scientific religion to come to the rescue, and accomplish this noble, but neglected work for suffering humanity. Listen. "We advocate sanitary measures," say our opponents. So do we! ("Are they Hebrews? So am I.") "We advocate more shillings for making a shirt." So do we! "We advocate the rights of woman, and the enfranchisement of the slave." So do we! "We advocate temperance (?)." So do we! "We advocate going into the hedges and ditches, and gathering together poor people and instructing them." We more! In this matter, we are the Hebrews of the Hebrews. Why proceed in this way?

Look at the Christian religion in its varied relations. Its history—how rich and inspiring.

Involving in the comparisons before us the foundation upon which this new movement is based, what was it that came to humanity, found it trampled under foot, and bade it stand erect and fear no more—science, or religion? What was it that extended its strong and protecting arm to woman, and lifting her from her degradation, placed her by the side of man—science, or religion? What was it, which, flinging sickly infancy and infirm old age excluded from doors, and left to die, received both to its bosom, bidding the one live, and inspiring hope in the heart of the other—science or religion? What was it, which, flinging the ancient world without a refuge for human want, or a home for human misery, builded for both—science, or religion? Who took the first voluntary and public collection ever known to have been taken in the heathen world for a charitable object? It was not scientific associations, but the Christian churches of Macedonia, in behalf of the poor saints in Jerusalem. Who was the first individual to inaugurate the founding of charitable institutions, and to build the first hospital in the world for the poor? It was not a man of science, but a devoted Christian widow. To whom do all the asylums of earth belong, if not to Christianity?

The path of the Gospel of Christ, from the start, has been the path of peace, of knowledge, of civilization, and of emancipation. It has practiced the principles of social science ever since its advent to the earth. Its path has ever been among the downcast. Its form has ever been over the suffering. Its office has ever been to bid up broken hearts. Its home has been in sick rooms, and at the bedside of departing spirits. Its hand has ever been upon the brow bedewed with death-sweat, to leave it calm and serene as heaven. O, more than this! Into apartments dark and dingy, where the noisome and pestilential air compels the visitant to shorten his breath—where deadly contagion lurks—where the sons of science refuse to go—where muttering skeletons curse and rave,—there it has entered to conquer despair, and institute its miracles of renovation. It has cast out its legions of devils, and said to crime-stained wretches, whose brains have been in a perpetual "craze," and whose hearts have been "filled with villainies," "Peace, be still." "The Son of Man came to save,—that which is lost."

Remove the social philanthropy of the Christian Church from the world, and what remains would be no more than the feeblest ray of light in a world of deepest gloom.

Would it not be well for our friends, over the way, to prate less and do more? Shall we linger a moment longer? We fear that the public do not quite understand the position of things. We therefore call attention again to Horticultural Hall. Look at it well. What aim? what complacency? But pluming itself upon excellences and beauties which belong not to itself, but to Christianity,—excellences and beauties of which it had never dreamed, had they not been first met in the Church, and there practiced for ages—arrogating to itself all forms of Christian philanthropy, as if they were its own exclusive property, and then rejecting Christianity itself. O, worse than barbarism! A child with dagger poised at its mother's throat! Let a mantle of shame be thrown over this newly-built altar to smother its fires, until the public receives the apology which is due.

IV. *The Religion of Social and Political Science is found utterly incompetent to do the essential work of True Religion.*

It rejects certain fundamental principles of religion. In a general sense, religion includes our obligations both to God and man. If to God, then of necessity to man. In a stricter sense, it is the theoretical and practical acknowledgment of God as our Creator and Ruler. But in either sense, our spiritual relations with God are fundamental and paramount. Holiness is an aim to conform one's self to the will of God. Sin is the transgression of the law of God. His law His is known will.

A man is religious, then, when he seeks to avoid sin, and become holy by bringing his spiritual relations into harmony with those of his Creator. The only means of doing this, is through the atonement of Christ.

The first grand defect in the religious scheme of social science is this,—the spiritual relations and interests of men are, for the most part, ignored. It appeals not to God, but humanity. It is the worship and service of the creature more than the Creator. The cry, "Against Thee, Thee only have I sinned," never escapes its lips. It is the flight from the realm of philosophy and religion into that of art and science. It is a passion for making the spirit and body one—which destroys both.

A spiritual influence, a lofty invigoration, or a consecrated enthusiasm, which carries truth into the hearts of the people, or which turns the eyes of man from the dust of earth to the beauties of heaven, constitutes no part of its work. It has faith only in that which is seen and handled, in gross weight, and the pound of flesh! It furnishes a magnificent tomb for the soul of man. By providing abundant food and rare clothing, it would induce humanity to abrogate its spiritual throne. Was there ever such unmixd potage?

The early school of English Deism, with Herbert and Hobbes for leaders, had for its maxim, "The elevation of natural religion by means of free examination and thinking." There was a certain moral and religious earnestness among these men. But our modern philosophers lack even this virtue.

"Why thought? To toil and eat,
Then make our bed in darkness, needs no thought."

It induces no spiritual energy. Everything is absorbed in social comfort. The rational is less than the body, but more than the soul.

"Know thyself," was a sound and stern principle of Grecian and early German philosophy. We are now told, "Let your conscience and soul alone. They are of small account. But look well to your dinner!" The old Heathen commenced his letters with "Health;" the old Hebrew with "Peace;" the Apostles with, "Grace and Peace from God, the Father, through our Lord Jesus Christ." Our modern philosophers have gone back to "Health" and "Bread."

Let us modify the beatitudes, to suit this new religion. Not "blessed are the poor in spirit," but blessed are they whose houses are well ventilated; not "blessed are they that mourn," but blessed are they who enjoy good health; not "blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness," but blessed are they who hunger and thirst after good bread and spring water. Men must worship God hereafter, not on this mountain or that, but in Quincy Hall Market. Theodore Parker announced to his congregation that blasphemy against the Holy Ghost consisted "in making poor bread out of good flour." The highest type of "pure and undefiled religion," now recommended, consists in making good bread out of poor or ordinary flour.

The paradise of the religion of social science is reached, and its millennium has come, when men can eat and drink without money and without price; labor eight hours a day; and learn without study. Chloroform is heaven, because it makes us insensible to our maladies. Our teeth are extracted, our limbs amputated, without pain. We meanwhile dream and laugh. How pleasant! What if we are left toothless and limbless, perhaps lifeless? A temporary relief from the ills of life, a physical exhilaration, compensates for all losses. We doubt this. The tooth and foot will be missed when the man wakes! By all we lose, by so much are we destitute, save through real and spiritual compensations. A wooden foot is in one's way full half the time. A cripple, however, may receive, not through science, but through religion, what is worth to him infinitely more than foot or hand, even the priceless graces of perfect character. Scientific contrivances and inventions, how trivial in the comparison!

Those intangible obligations which thrill the souls of men, and bind them to the will and heart of God, and which intuitively perceive and follow the right, and repel the wrong, can elevate; anything less substantial, or more material, cannot. Not the surface ripple, but the deep undertow floats the ship. Our modern reformers will fail, because their work is only on the surface of humanity, and not at all with its heart. Under their tuition the æsthetics of society may grow better; its morals, worse. Literature may be cheaper than ever, and never more corrupt. The sciences may be more than ever useful, and licentiousness more than ever universal. Trade may be the most active, and the most demoralized; politics the most freely discussed, and the most debauched. A nation's metropolis may be at the same time its finest city, and its "slop-shop." The invisible and spiritual heart of the individual and nation must be renovated, or nothing is renovated. The birth from above is as imperatively indispensable to us as to Nicodemus. Hide the heaven within the dough, instead of pasting it on the outside. All other improvements and expedients are, as John Bunyan says, "only a little cleaner way to go to hell in."

How effeminate (a mild term) does it seem to reduce the business of life to a trial, not of heroic faith, but of petty scientific experiments; to turn from the cultivation of human character to that of garden vegetables; to seek forgiveness, not in the toilsome way of Christian repentance, working out one's salvation with fear and trembling, but by inhaling the northwest wind. Every unprejudiced mind must feel that all phases of social science,—intuition, sensation, ideal, and eclectic,—must sadly fail in attempting the solution of those mighty problems of life and destiny which surround us. The power of the Highest comes not by observation. The surgeon's scalpel will not disclose to us the unseen world in which we live and move. Society is not the child's watch—all face, with no hidden spring. Its most wonderful elements are invisible. A table and a grave are not all. We must enter in among the principalities and powers that rule the universe, if we would benefit mankind. He is a miserable physician who gives not vigor and health to the whole system, while treating a specific malady.

Paul discovered a discrepancy between his soul and God. It was very great. "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" was his desponding cry. What is his relief? Listen: "Go to the door, throw open your window, employ first-class cooks, and you are delivered of your trouble." Is that all? Every poor sinner, throughout God's world, knows better. We can thank God only when we find our anguish turned to joy "through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The Jewish Nicodemus is troubled. His religion of forms meets not the wants of his soul. Speak to him, thou New Religion! "Nicodemus, it is late. It is midnight. Go home. Sleep soundly. Ventilate your room thoroughly. Eat good bread. Then you are reconciled to God, and born again." What! will that remove the steel still ranking in his soul?

See that malefactor on the cross! What a black history in his memory! what cruel blood in his veins! what marks of guilt upon his features! what scars of the jail upon his person! Five minutes to live! What can science do? We will no longer tantalize it. It is dumb and speechless. "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise," is worth more to that man than all the bread and water of Christendom.

Never, even in its highest flights, can the religion of social science lift humanity above its vital troubles. We must look to the heart, in the work of reform and reconciliation. A man needs a pure character more than he needs pure water. That which comes out, not that which goes into the mouth, defileth the man.

We must feel that there is a profound spiritual life before we can become reformers, or reform ourselves. Poling the boat along the shore is childlike. It is a slow advance, when one must macadamize his road as fast as he goes.

Science can do many things. In common with our opponents, we applaud and appropriate its achievements. It can annihilate time, banish space, make the invisible visible, develop and economize force and heat, weigh and measure the planets. But what can it do with hearts? Can it regenerate them? Religion can! Can it add lustre to the eye growing dim in death? Religion can! Can it wake the slumbering grandeur of a human soul? Religion can! Can it help the masses of society to that which money cannot buy? Religion can!

What if men of culture do rise (?) through the help of science? Can the masses wear the philosopher's cloak? They have no chemicals, nor money to buy them. They are expensive. Poor men will gaze up the dizzy heights, and despair of reaching them. Discouraged, they sink into ruin. Men need spiritual help more than bread. How significant the words of Christ, "Man shall not live by bread alone." That is the poor man's thrilling encouragement. He sees the pillar of fire in the sky. It is as much his as Israel's. His eye is aglow with hope. He is henceforth nourished, like his Divine Master, upon bread that the world knows not of. Yes, social

science must kneel with the Christian Church at this suggestive and sacrificial communion table, before it can achieve the sublime work of true religion.

Another defect in the religious scheme of social science, which renders it incompetent to do the work of true religion, is this—it denies the distinction between sin and holiness, upon which distinction is indirectly based the necessity of true religion. "What is vice itself," asks Mr. Weiss, "but another mark of inequality of human conditions?" "If men have spoiled themselves, by their own fault, how will religion make it appear that they could have helped it?" "God undertakes a piece of work that does not need undoing." "If you try to think well of God by thinking ill of men, whom He has made, you are irreligious."

The entire drift of these observations is this—the evil of sin and crime is only imaginary. God cares nothing whatever for the human distinctions between right and wrong. As with light and darkness, they are both alike to Him. If God ever condemns anybody, it will be the man who condemns sin.

Thus crime, sin, iniquity, guilt, wickedness, ignorance, poverty, degradation, and every imaginary evil of society is scientifically disposed of by forcing the whole mass back upon the Creator. If justice be not dead, a wry face should henceforth symbolize the Deity.

Our reply must be brief. God is love,—He loves good. The reverse is true,—He hates evil, which is only another proof of His goodness. But there is no evil. Everybody knows better, and we will not stop to argue the point. The philosophy of Horticultural Hall, in its effort to do away with the existence of sin, reduces God to a simpleton, whose chief virtue is insensibility. If God is the author of sin and crime, the universe of His creatures would rise, and in their righteous majesty dethrone Him. If God has a commonwealth in the universe, He will gibbet vice for a warning, and show its foreign birth and His hatred of it, in its severe punishment. Sin will receive some final rebuke, holiness some final reward, as true as there is a God. The discrepancy between God and the soul, on account of sin, is not therefore the last, but the first thing to be thought of, and removed. The present unadjusted condition of human affairs is not a proof of continued discrepancy, but of future rectification.

If we were sure of escaping misinterpretation, we would wish that our opponents were not such amiable and correct men, socially; then they could better feel the depravity of the race, and would not so moderate its virulence. This modern eye-salve would not strengthen their eyes to look complacently upon loathsome shapes of human guilt, without feelings of repugnance. They would then teach, as does the Christian religion, the existence of a stupendous evil, and the necessity of a stupendous remedy,—even the Atonement of Christ.

The last disqualifying defect we notice, in this religion of social science, is its æsthetic tendencies. Science leads naturally to Atheism, art to Pantheism, and conscience to Theism. All attempts to mediate between the "human and Divine," the "finite and Infinite," will take their coloring from the means employed. Introduce science as the prevailing element, and you become a theoretical Atheist; introduce art, and you become a theoretical Pantheist; introduce conscience, and you become a theoretical Theist; introduce Christ, and you become a theoretical Christian. Mr. Weiss has usually employed conscience, in his mediation scheme. He has therefore appeared as a teacher of Theistic Spiritualism. In his present discourse, however, a personal God, in the evangelical sense, is excluded, or there is a constant tendency to exclude Him. The name only is retained. This is as we should expect. The body of the discourse goes to show that when man is reconciled, through social and political science, to anything whatever, then he is reconciled to God. The thing, whatever it be, in this case tends directly to displace the Creator.

The following quotations will more fully illustrate: "Man begins to be reconciled to God when he learns the laws of all things, and accommodates himself to them." Here "the laws of all things" have a tendency to displace God. "God is indeed making man when justice, opportunity, cooperation, are the making of him." Here "justice," "opportunity," etc., tend to displace God. "The statesman's breath of yea and nay salutes the lungs, and God is inhaled and exhaled." Here "the statesman's breath" has the same tendency as above.

These quotations are entirely and logically consistent with the "Sunday Afternoon Meetings," as expounded by Mr. Weiss. Any system of religion, based upon social science, idolizes man at the expense of the Deity. It destroys faith in a personal God. It will banish the Creator for the sake of eliminating the created. The more intimately it connects itself with science proper, and the more faithfully it employs the expedients of science to accomplish its work, the less truly religious will it become. Mediation through conscience and Christ will make science a servant; all other forms of reconciliation make it master. Its natural offspring is extreme materialism. Water and fire will ultimately produce its revivals of religion. Steam will take the place of the Holy Ghost. Were the American people converted to these notions, the German's remark would become a fulfilled prophecy, "The steam locomotive is the American's God." Men would bow before the microscope lower than ever Fetish worshipper bowed before his deified stick or stone. They would be left to clothe science in the robes of Divine attributes. It would be omnipotent in chemistry. It would be omnipresent in electricity. It would place one foot upon the sea, the other upon the land. It would work miracles, balance systems, and make worlds, with a telescope in its hand. It would say to the Christian worshipper, "Arise! brush the dust from thy knees, and kneel no more." It would even dare to say, and has said, "I am God; worship me!" In such gloomy issues will the religion of social science terminate.

Its final benediction, in Horticultural Hall, will be in the name of that trinity which made its appearance in the midst of the introductory discourse—"air," "water," "light." This will be its top-stone. It will be brought forth with shoutings and rejoicings. It will be lifted to its place on the wall. Then will the temple be completed, but silent as death. It will be locked, and no man will enter it.

We gladly turn from this scene. Our faces are in an opposite direction. We look upon a tomb,—like that in Bethany. One stands at the entrance. By this time the corpse within is worse than dead. The One standing without speaks. Instantly the man within comes forth, bound hand and foot, haggard and pale, covered with grave-mould, and dark with spots, but—alive! The event is both historic and symbolic. The soul thus emancipated will not stop to cut "windows in dead walls to let the sky fall through into Stygian apartments," but will fly from all walls, cast off all yokes, and dwell in a temple whose roof is the arching heavens, and whose light is the smiling face of a Father.

What work these sons of the resurrection accomplish. They are often, it is true, simple-hearted Christians; but through the inspiration of the cross, they will pass to the conquest of the world. In sentences of tangled grammar, they will continue to break hearts hard as stone. The image which symbolizes everything enabling and reformatory, is a cross—a Saviour upon it—and man at its foot.

Take away the atonement of Christ, and nothing is left. Say what we may, the peace and the disenchantment of humanity were wrung from the agony, sweat, and blood of Christ. When men attempt to bind upon the beautiful form of Christianity those things which do not belong to it, we, like the sculptor, are to chisel and re-chisel, until we cut out and cut down, in the Christian religion, everything, save its native, simple and severe beauty. Let us accept the Gospel of Christ with the most honest and most public profession. Let the Christian Church be to us a religious home, and a perpetual reminder of our obligations to its Founder, the Son of the Highest. Gather about His table. Receive the emblems—"broken" and "shed for you"—grateful that this refuge from sin, and this method of reconciliation with the Father, is now and henceforth ours to enjoy. And what good reason have our friends, over the way, for not reconsidering their positions, for not accepting Christ, and for refusing to kneel with us at His table?

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TRAVEL STAINS.

The chief events that occurred at Washington—the dedication and inauguration—have been discoursed upon to a somewhat diffuse extent. The side-shows to these are worthy of collection upon one shelf at least, of our HERALD Museum. Among these are—

A TRIP TO MOUNT VERNON.

No boat ran thither in the opening of the war. The gates to the grave of the Father of his Country were then closed. The country itself seemed possibly about to enter its grave. It had no opportunity, if it had desire, to visit that of its founder. The rebels ranged undisturbed over the fields and woods of Mount Vernon, and even defended their conduct on the practice of Washington. But their cause, and his error in which that cause culminated, have both been swept away in the storm which they created. So this national home and grave are now approachable and enjoyable.

We drop down first to

ALEXANDRIA.

This tumble-down town looks even more dilapidated than before the battle of Bull Run. Then the spirits of the people were energized with secession, slavery, and hope. They had just killed Ellsworth, and expected soon to do like service to the Union. They

held their breath a little before the United States soldiers, but they rejoiced in the expectation of the speedy destruction of the army, and of their restoration to the arms of a conquering Virginia.

Now all is hopeless. They have lost the past. They have won no future. The black sleeps on the sidewalk, and his horse sleeps in its cart, which vainly awaits the orders of the merchants, who are alike asleep in their counting-rooms. Scattered wagons rattle through empty streets, and decay is its sole ruler. It will continue so till the North, with its ideas and men, renews it in righteousness.

THE MUSEUM.

of the town befits the general air. It is a hall over a market-place, which, at that busiest of hours, nine o'clock in the morning, is almost as empty as in the afternoon. This collection has Washington's clock, with the hands at five, the hour of his death. It is a plain, old-fashioned, French mantel clock. Here are two of his saddles, one as thickly covered with gilt as the lappels of the coats of the European ambassadors; the other as old, leathery and farmy-looking as the probable old clothes of the same ambassadors. His bier is here, a white-oak bedstead, with extension handles that now fall upon the floor, plain as death, whose vehicle it is. Here, too, is a chair of his, made of unshapen and unsmooth sticks, as rude an affair as ever was knocked together for a logger's camp. Tecumseh's skeleton hangs in the corner, a grinning skull that could be matched to-day by that of his slayer, R. M. Johnson, who won the Vice-Presidency by that shot. The memorials of Washington ought to be removed to Mount Vernon. We went from the oldest to the newest of Alexandria spectacles, when we left these grave-clothes of the past, and entered

THE VIRGINIA CONFERENCE.

This was opening its session in the Methodist Episcopal Church, a plain, old-fashioned, comfortable church, directly opposite its more ornate, but not much more costly Southern sister, which is naturally on the south side of the street. Bishop Ames made the opening prayer, full of feeling and faith. He prayed for the upbuilding of our Church in that wasted State, on the apostolic model, for the Church and humanity, for the brotherhood of man in the faith and hope of the Gospel.

It was a needed prayer. Hardly ten brethren answered to the roll and began the first session of this Conference. Would these brethren but carry out that petition, and unite the colored ministers with themselves, they would sweep the State. Till they do, they must be content to be a powerless and progressless fraction. Already all other departments are accomplishing this union. Blacks and whites sit together on juries and their judge denounces this prejudice of color as inhuman.

The U. S. District Attorney for Alexandria, Hon. S. Ferguson Beach, of the Wesleyan University, declared to us that the new Legislature which Congress will probably soon permit to be created, would be largely colored, and that this condition of affairs was accepted by all classes, loyal and disloyal. Shall the Church persist in the opposite course, when, by one brave word and act, it can outstrip all its competitors and become the most popular and powerful body in the State? These ten might have been a hundred, would they but spurn this silly and weakening prejudice. At Richmond on a fine day lately, only eighteen persons were in our church. We could have eighteen hundred but for this folly. Will not the astute and able men who manage the Church, break these chains and build one up in all this section in power and glory "on the apostolic model?"

MOUNT VERNON.

is a pretty run of an hour below Alexandria. Its shaded slopes go steeply up from the shore to the narrowish lawn before the house. A path winds thither through budding maples and star-eyed daisies. The tomb of Washington is on the brow. A tall iron gateway protects two marble sarcophagi from all but the eyes of the visitors; not from all else, for on the foot-panel of Washington's is an inscription informing the reverent public that "John Struthers, marble mason, Philadelphia," gave these stone coffins. Of all adventures this is the most novel. It resembles one at Mount Auburn, where an enterprising Boston mer-

chant had his place of business engraved on the neck of an iron post that stood in front of his lot. But that was his own lot, and an unknown name. It was lucky for this man to get a chance for both business and immortality at the feet of Washington. How that proud and sensitive soul must resent such a bastinado! Why don't the mediums report his indignation? It would be as appropriate to have the maker of each coffin inscribe his name on its lid. Let all who wish such monuments remember this marble mason and his chief gift.

The piazza, parlors, and many chambers have been oft described. The first is high, the second small, the third low. The dining-hall is the only large apartment, and that is not equal to any modern city parlor. His death chamber looks out on the river below, and though not large, is comfortable. Smaller bins on the upper story served for crowding away the guests, but the chief room evidently was the piazza. The negro quarters are the poorest possible. A row of brick cabins not six feet high, looking like a poor green-house, was once filled with this property. An old man and woman still live there, on a floor of earth, with a great smoking throat of a chimney, with one window, in dirt and disagreeableness extreme. The old man professed to have come here a year and a half after Washington's death. He was bought by his heir, Bushrod, and his children were sold by the following heirs to keep the place running. Human flesh was cash in those days. The Association are intending to preserve the place yet more carefully. They should not destroy these humble habitations. The contrast ought to be preserved as a sign of our progress. Abraham's polygamy is embalmed in the Scriptures. Washington's treatment of his men servants and maid servants should be equally perpetuated. Theodore Parker rejoiced that somebody said that Washington once swore, as that proved him to have been fashioned after the nature of sinful flesh and not after its likeness only. There was no need of that oath. These huddled huts, where his brethren were shut in, show how little the doctrine of democracy had practically renewed his nature. His humblest outhouses far surpass in comeliness and convenience these human habitations. Now the slave dwells in the best rooms of the mansion. So we go from Abraham and Washington to Christ, who will make all one in each other and Himself.

DU CHAILLU AS PROPHET.

Du Chaillu, the African explorer, the discoverer of the gorilla, is a traveller of distinguished rank; and he has the rare and fine gift of speaking to children with an ability and tact which we have never seen surpassed. When he writes he cares nothing for Blair, and when he talks he is indifferent to Whately; but he holds the young folks in the intensest attention from the beginning to the end of his lecture. Now a man that can interest children is an able orator, whatever rules of the school-masters he may trample under foot. Du Chaillu can accomplish this great feat of oratory, because his manner and style are fresh and natural; and therefore, like his auditors, free from the pedantry and cant of the colleges. It is refreshing to hear a man on the platform who talks as quietly and with as little effort, and makes his little jokes as freely, as if he were seated in the parlor, playing and talking with the children of the house. This Du Chaillu does.

This is Du Chaillu as a traveller, and before children; but see Du Chaillu as a man of science, and before scholars, and *presto change!* Not a joke, not a graceful motion, not a smile; but a sober lecturer, with a manuscript before him, and with syllables charged with gloom issuing from his lips. His magnetic manner vanishes; he becomes as automatic as a Harvard Professor.

We were delighted with Du Chaillu's talks to young folks, but took a dozen exceptions to his scientific lecture. His discourse on the types and races of mankind was full of interesting facts but most erroneous deductions. We shall note only a few of them.

He denies that an inferior race can be permanently elevated—inspired, that is, with the spirit of progress. All true education, according to him, must originate with the race, and be evolved, stage after stage, by it alone. External influence may make parrot-like schol-

ars, but the results of this effort will disappear with the withdrawal of the higher type. The Caucasian race is to be master,—indeed, sole tenant of the world; the negro and all the inferior types are to disappear. The amalgamation of the same families—that is, of the different nationalities of the Caucasian breed—produces the highest type of the race; but the admixture of the white with the black will result as it has resulted, injuriously. He says:—

"While the admixture of different families of the same race is beneficial and even necessary, the admixture of distinct races is very injurious; for the permanency of the types is so strong that a third race cannot be made by the admixture of types. Wherever this hybridization has taken place, as in Mexico and St. Domingo, the whole population has been poisoned, and these places are striking examples of the consequences of violating the law of nature which has disintegrated the human family into races."

This is a "striking example" of the purlblindness of modern science. It treats facts like the Scotchman, who, when told that facts were against his theories, retorted—"So much the worse for the facts."

What are the facts in this case? "Blood" is highly prized in Europe. Not the pure blood of the Caucasian race, but of some family only; and, following out the logic to its last reduction to absurdity, of some special house. First, English; next Cera-Vere-de-Vereish! But as Du Chaillu admits, the admixture of plebeian and patrician of all classes and families—of English, Scotch, Irish, French, German, Spanish, Italian, Russ, Norwegian, and Indian, which has been going on for a century in America—produces a better breed of men than all the blood of all the Howards can boast of. And it is precisely in those sections of our country where this admixture has been most largely accomplished, that we find to-day the strongest, healthiest, and handsomest men and women. In those towns of New England where there has been no admixture of new blood, statistics show that the death-rate is larger than the birth-rate. Our pride of race must give way to the stern facts of life: and one of the most solemn of these facts is that the perfect preservation of "pure blood" as it is called, almost always culminates in sterility or insanity.

Now, Du Chaillu's theory of the extinction of "inferior" races is only the family pride of the old houses of Europe extended to a type of mankind. It is quite as absurd to rank in the same "type" the Irish semi-savage from the bogs of Allan with the scholar of New or Old England as to place the negro outside of the fold of the races that are to be physically saved. This predestination in science is quite as faulty as predestination in theology. Men are not created by races but by individuals.

Now apply his theories to facts:—

It is not true that the negro of the South is inferior to the masses of the whites of the South. The poor whites of that section have never risen above the condition of the serfs of the Middle Ages; or risen only here and there, not as a class but as individuals. Intellectually, physically, and morally, the "poor white trash" of the Carolinas are vastly inferior to the negroes. If the whites or blacks are to die out, the whites are the doomed race there. The blacks as a class are intellectually equal to the best of them; whole schools have been pitted against each other, giving each equal advantages, and in every case the negroes learned quicker and showed more brains. And what our civilization needs quite as much as head, is heart. The negroes are an emotional race. It would be a sad day for us to lose them—with their deep piety, their strong affections, their love of melody, and their aspirations after a higher life. If ever a race was born Christian, the negroes are that peculiar people. They have shown themselves to be long-suffering and slow to anger; they alone turn their cheek to the smiter; they alone are ever ready to pray for those that spitefully use them. And yet they are to die out! O men of science! when the spirit of Christ dies out they will die out, and not till then; for they are its stronghold in our nation at this hour.

But apart from these facts, it simply is not true that a third race cannot be created by the blending of the whites and blacks. Whence came Frederick Douglass? Maryland has produced some—not many, yet

still some—able leaders; but since her soil was first trodden by the white race, no son of hers has been so gifted by God or honored of true men, as Frederick Douglass, the son of a black mother and a Maryland planter. Du Chaillu talks wildly when he refers to St. Domingo. The mulattoes there are educated gentlemen, who live to a ripe old age, and have large and healthy families. If the population there is "poisoned" by these men, what shall we say of New York with its hordes of "wild Irishry," and debased Americans? It is adding insult to injury to speak of the mulattoes of Hayti as an inferior race. We could name a dozen who are the equals of Du Chaillu himself in culture, ability, and courage. It is the same in Mexico, as the best travellers testify: they are to-day inferior indeed to us, but as a people superior to the worn-out but "pure-blooded" people—the Spaniards—from whom they are partly descended.

As to the theory that no race can educate another, the whole history of the world refutes it. Without Egypt, no Greece; without Greece, no Rome; without Rome, no modern culture. No: God made no mistake when he created the black man—and not the extinction of inferior races, but the unification of all races, is the destiny of mankind.

THE GREAT SOUTHWEST.

BY BISHOP SIMPSON.

In my last I gave my views as to the safety of travel and the safety of residence in Texas. The right of property is not so well secured. In cases of trespass or fraud, the prejudices against a Northern man or a foreigner, oftentimes prevent justice being done. All admit that the laws are not enforced. Speakers representing the different parties in the Convention, agreed upon this point, but assign different reasons for the non-enforcement. Some attribute it to a spirit of lawlessness, some to a spirit of persecution, and others claim that it arises from the peculiar character of the government. I learned of several cases which serve as illustrations of the kind of justice meted out by courts and juries. A worthy German citizen, a local minister in our Church, employed as a laboring hand a Confederate soldier. In the absence of the employer from home, the laborer stole \$200 which was in the house, and fled. Complaint was made, the criminal was pursued and arrested, and \$75 of the money were found on his person. He was taken before a magistrate, confessed his guilt, and was bound over to the court. On the trial he plead "Not guilty," was acquitted by the jury in the face of his own confession, and the costs of the suit were assessed on the complainant. A writ was issued, and the sheriff executed the remaining \$75 to liquidate the costs. In two other counties similar cases occurred, and I think wherever the contest is between Northern men of radical sentiments and old citizens, there is no hope of equity in the decisions. I am satisfied that it is almost vain to prosecute such a case before a jury. I spent one night with a German who informed me that sixty-five of his sheep and nearly all his hogs had been taken and branded or killed by his neighbors, and he considered it better to submit than to attempt to go to law. In this case the German had been a Confederate soldier. I do not allege that such decisions are universal, or even general. They may be, probably are, extreme cases.

In all parts of the State, even in the great commercial centres, where there is perfect security, there exists a species of social ostracism. This is not exercised against all Northern men, but against such as they call Radicals. If a business man from the North denounces the United States Government, abuses the Freedmen's Bureau, and curses the negro, there is little objection to receiving him into good society. But if he expresses anti-slavery views, if he seeks by personal efforts to educate or to elevate the negro, or, which is the greatest sin of all, if he should join the Methodist Episcopal Church, he and his family are made to feel that they are shut out from society. No one of the ladies who lead society will call upon such a family, and association with them is shunned in almost every possible way. In business transactions gentlemen meet and freely engage in enterprises, and exchange all the courtesies of public life, but their families have no such associations.

It may seem strange that the women of the South retain such bitter feelings against the North, but it must be remembered that upon them fall most heavily the embarrassments resulting from Emancipation. They were not accustomed to labor. Servants attended to all domestic duties, and waited their bidding. Now the state of society is changed, and, as at the North, women have the annoyance of securing and retaining proper servants. It must also be considered that, engaged in domestic duties, or associating chiefly with a circle of friends, they have less to occupy their minds and divert their attention from the inconveniences which they suffer. Be the reasons what they may, it is an undoubted fact, that the women of the South acquiesce more reluctantly in the reconstruction of society, than do the men, and they are more averse to forming associations with those who have favored the integrity of the Union and the emancipation of the slaves. More time will probably be required to overcome these prejudices than to reconstitute the political frame-work of society, yet they will undoubtedly gradually pass away, and immigrants from the North will be received into society as others are, according to their character and their acts.

Personally, I enjoyed this visit to Texas, though it was attended with many difficulties and inconveniences. Many of my friends were solicitous for my safety, and one or two military gentlemen thought that I was running a great risk. From the various fearful reports in circulation, Mrs. Simpson, whom I had left at New Orleans in the kind family of Rev. Dr. Newman, suffered from anxiety, as it was exceedingly difficult to communicate information readily. Yet I was treated civilly everywhere. No rude or unkind remark was made to me, and I conversed freely with intelligent gentlemen from many parts of the State. One or two newspapers published a rehash of the charges against the Methodist Episcopal Church, and one in Galveston published an article containing false statements against myself, which I traced directly to the bigotry of a former minister of the Church South; this is the only instance in which I was assailed. With a number of editors I had free conversation, and found them to be men of kind and liberal views, anxious for the restoration of harmony and for the development of all the resources of the country.

Sometimes I have wished it were so that one of our Bishops could reside permanently in the South or Southwest, that the public might have more full and accurate knowledge of our spirit and our aims. The General Conference, however, in declining to add to our number at its recent session, has made it impossible thus to add to our strength in the South. While my remarks as to safety and order apply to the State generally, there are a few sections where the spirit of rebellion is still rife. No longer ago than last September, three hundred men surrounded one of our military posts, and for ten days cut off all access, until a reinforcement arrived and dispersed them. The leaders are known, but have never been arrested or punished. This fact I received directly from the officer who relieved the besieged post.

There is no doubt that, up to last November, it was supposed that, in some way, the whole process of reconstruction would be changed so that the colored people, if not reduced again to slavery, would be made wholly submissive to their former owners. I was told by an eminent jurist that he knew of a number of parties who had kept careful note of the whereabouts of their former slaves and of their children, with the hope of being able to regain them. That hope has forever passed away, and now we shall have peace.

A TURN WELL TAKEN.

Bishop Simpson, in his dedicatory sermon at Washington, answered the once popular humbug that the savage was the perfect man, by saying that the most perfect representatives of the heathen peoples, the Chinese, were so far below the lowest classes of Christian nations that the latter feared their contact, and even raged against them in mob violence to the destruction of churches where they were being trained in the Gospel. It was a fine point, and if this Rousseauism had not about disappeared would be of large present value. The skeptic class are adopting the opposite rôle; the pendulum swings clear backward. Everybody was at the start, they now say, a savage brute, and is developing out of this state. Even here Christianity can retort, "Where does this develop-

ment go forward as rapidly, where has it attained such perfection as where the Gospel is preached and the Church of true faith and life flourishes? Take either horn, good friends. The seat is equally sharp and destructive of your argument. Take the right position, God created man upright and he fell. Christianity alone can and does recover him from the savagery into which he has sunken.

Three new Methodist churches have been started lately in this vicinity. At South Framingham, a fine hall has been engaged for Sundays, including, as its renters understood, the evenings; for what is Sunday to a Methodist church without its evenings? But the lessee, a Unitarian, has rented it for evenings to his people. The enterprise is succeeding well, despite the temporary drawback. A large congregation attends the regular services. At Boston Highlands a new church is organized, and will begin with the next conference year. A lot is bought for a chapel; but they are hoping to purchase a desirable church that is soon to be vacated. There is a large and growing population in this section of the city, of nearly forty thousand, and only one Methodist church. We have long believed that two churches were needed and would soon be strong. The Master bless and multiply both hands. At Reading a large lot, the best in the town, has been purchased, and the lumber already on the place for a new church, sixty feet by thirty-five. The industry of Rev. Stephen Cushing has effected these results. The Church is flourishing spiritually as well as in buying and building. This is a large and beautiful town, the terminus of the short city trains on the Maine Railroad. It will be a great success.

The funniest sight at the Inauguration was a scramble for the crowd for pennies. It began below the President's stand in a jump after a wreath and a ridding of it to pieces for mementoes. Some gentlemen on the platform encouraged the sport by dropping down pennies. Grant, the wreath, and its mementoes of the day were forgotten. The crowds away below the upper seats and their descending gifts in one compact wave. Most were black and not over-dressed or clean. The fun grew furious when a ten-center fluttered down towards them, and maddening when a dollar ballooned its way downward. What a rushing and crushing, opening of mouths and eyes, and upstretching of arms to grab the coming prize. The donors laughed, and the crowd relished in one uproar of frolic and covetousness. Some were crushed by the press, but clung to their hopes despite their ribs. It followed immediately after the sober style of the Inaugural, and was the natural farce after that dignified drama. The London lads picking up pennies in the deep black ooze below Hungerford Bridge, tossed them by persons on the bridge, were excelled in ridiculousness, hilarity, and success by this side-scene in front of the Capitol and on Inauguration day.

CLASS-LEADERS' CONVENTION.—Boston has had a convention of New England Methodists, of New England Preachers, of New England Presiding Elders. Let the next convention be a convention of Methodist Class leaders for mutual religious edification and consultation how best to conduct, foster, preserve and increase the efficiency and usefulness of this primitive institution of Methodism.

Be sure and read Prof. Townsend's sermon on The Blood of the Cross. We have divided it so that every one can read it.

New Hampshire we hope has elected a good Prohibitory Legislature. Massachusetts is busy discussing the question.

BENEVOLENT.—The Springfield Republican tells us that Clark Durant, esq., of New York city, has just presented to the Pittsfield Methodist Church, through the pastor, Rev. Dr. Wentworth, five thousand dollars in bonds, the interest of which is to be annually expended in the education of young men for the ministry.

We are happy to be able to state that Rev. Pliny Wood is again restored to health, and is able once more to go about "his Master's business."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.—We call attention to the advertisement in another column, of Phillips' Evening of Song on the 12th April at Music Hall, Boston.

Ladies in this vicinity will please read the call for them to attend at Bromfield Street Church to arrange for the fair.

The N. E. Conference Ministers will please read the notice concerning their fares and conduct themselves accordingly.

The acknowledgment of the Indians, in our Church Register, is worth reading.

We call attention of the Christian farmers to the call of the Children's Aid Society. It is an excellent object.

MOTES.

An inquirer asks "to whom it belongs to consecrate the elements of the Lord's Supper, the Presiding Elder, or the preacher in charge, if he is an Elder; and what is the usual custom?" The usual custom is for the Presiding Elder, when he is present, to consecrate the elements. Each has equal authority, but respect for an official visitor and a superior in rank, would naturally give him the precedence.

The favorite songs of the colored singers on the Mount Vernon boat that always brought a cap of coppers, were "The Colored Volunteers," and "Grant and Colfax."

The Unitarians, it is said, regretted that they did not secure the property which has been bought for Methodist headquarters. If they will only become converted and join our Church, they can enjoy it now.

We have much valued correspondence which we shall try to let our readers enjoy soon. Our table is full of the best we can serve, and—

"As said the great Prince Fernando,
What can a man do more than he can do?"

A literary clergyman asks a question on
AGENCY PUBLICATIONS.

"I write to suggest an inquiry as to the propriety of admitting reviews of books which have not been published. I call a book published when it is thrown open to the public, to be bought anywhere, of any book-seller, — not that class that are printed for private circulation, sold only by agents, and to be had only of agents, at agents' prices, and in those localities where agents happen to travel. I do not consider any such book published, and call in question the propriety of our official editors giving notices or reviews of such, except as paid advertisements. This agent system is the latest, and not the least consummate of humbugs. It sets afloat a deal of trash, by mere persistency, at the expense of genuine works, and open publications. A real book sells by its own merits, an agency book by the doggedness and impudence of paid peddlers."

The Morning Star quotes with commendation our nut-shell argument, but only credits it to an exchange. "THE HERALD" is a shorter word.

Four nationalities were represented in General Grant's Cabinet as first constituted, French, Irish, Canadian, and the United States.

Why did not President Grant make Col. Parker Secretary of War instead of another member of his staff? If he had done this, and then made Frederick Douglass Secretary of State, his Cabinet would have been truly American.

The Baltimore Methodist speaks of Dr. Eddy, and Charles Street, as represented by THE HERALD. We trust it will be so, though we lay no claim to any more faithful disciple in that city than The Baltimore Methodist itself. That quotes us regularly and at length. Its readers, under this guidance, will soon become ready to take THE HERALD direct.

The Congregationalist seems to think a council can advise and yet give no advice. That is the way the Council at Washington did. But that is far below its privileges. We said it could "advise," not command its churches, not to fellowship with a sinning church. This it cannot deny. This is all we have said as to the power of councils. Our statement of the facts of that imbroglia was confirmed at Washington, by friends of Dr. Boynton. The only mistake was in saying that colored children were expelled from the Sunday-school. There was great indignation over their entrance, but some of them have been allowed to stay. We hope they will also be found in the Metropolitan Sunday-school. Dr. Boynton is not sustaining himself in his position as to colored members, and The Independent declares he will have to leave. It is not Presbyterianism that troubles him, as The Congregationalist now seems to fancy, but caste. He is a popular and able man, and but for this defect would have a united church. On this stone alone he is broken.

The Metropolitan has invited the wealthy members of other Methodist churches in Washington, to unite in organizing its church. Its board omitted, very strangely, to send invitations to the leading families of Asbury, and other strong societies of the Washington Conference. As there are some quite wealthy members of these churches, it was undoubtedly an unintentional oversight. Let it extend its invitations impartially.

"It is rumored that you are going into the Cabinet," says a preacher to Bishop Ames at Washington. "So I am," was the reply: "I go into the cabinet in the Virginia Conference to-morrow." He only enters a cabinet after Grant's fashion, — as his head.

Bishop Simpson presented Grant with a cane, from Baltimore friends, and Chief Justice Chase, with a Bible from the Bible Society.

The Advance has increased its size. It is going on to perfection.

The Church Union retracts all its past words. Is is more of a retraction than is necessary. We fear that it is like some other confessions, made on a death-bed. But we hope Mr. Kenneday will revive it in righteousness and love.

As Gov. Boutwell goes into the Treasury, Gov. Claflin may be called to take his seat in Congress. This would be well but for the mistake of last fall in the Lieut. Governorship. Had we in that chair Mr. Griswold of Greenfield, as we should have had but for fraudulent balloting, we could spare the Governor. As it is, we hope he will not leave his charge.

Few firms are as wise in catering to the public as the Harpers. Their Bazaar, Weekly and Monthly, are admirably adapted to popular use. The first, no dressmaker can do without. The others, the rest of mankind must have. Bound ones are as good as the coming ones. A. Williams & Co., Washington St., supply the past and the future of all these serials.

Much talk is going on as to why Mr. Blaine got the Speakership over Mr. Dawes. It was a reward for Maine in giving her vote to Colfax for Vice-President, instead of Wilson. In politics as in higher spheres there are no accidents.

PERSONAL.

Rev. Dr. Adams thus describes three well-known Generals: General Schofield, the present Secretary of War, like Grant, is of but moderate height, but more "stocky" and heavy than the President elect. He seems perfectly quiet and self-possessed — utterly free from all airs or display, wearing a countenance fair and pleasant, and looking the very impersonation of innocence and sweet content.

General Slocum is also of moderate stature, with a visage sunny as a summer morning, and always ready to shape itself into genial and pleasant smiles. Logan has a more marked and striking aspect. Indian blood is said to flow in his veins; and his looks speak no denial of such a reputation. His hair and eyes are of raven blackness, while his countenance is characterized by a hue darker than what is usual. At the same time, he is extremely "good looking;" and were it not for the huge black mustache wherewith he suffers himself to be disfigured, he would rank among the comeliest of men. From his reputation of roughness and stormy fury on the battle field, we were hardly prepared to see in Logan so attractive a gentleman.

Life Insurance affords a striking index to the advancing civilization of the age. Being the child of forecast and economy, it reproduces them in those that insure. The Travelers' Life and Accident Insurance Company who are pioneers in joint stock life insurance as well as in accident insurance, present as the four cardinal points of their system, — cheapness, simplicity, certainty, and economy. They have secured the services of our friend, C. C. Whitney, of Maine, in the Life Department.

Rev. Joshua Leavitt, one of the editors of The Independent, wrote an essay for the Cobden Club Prize on "The Best Means of Promoting the Social and Commercial and Political Union of England and America." It advocated free trade, penny ocean postage, and other desirable reforms, and has received the prize — a golden medal. Had the doctor advocated the better promotion of political union by the substitution of democracy for a monarchy, he would have been more deserved the prize though he would have been less likely to have won it. His ideas are valuable as far as they go and necessitate the completion he believes in and desires. We congratulate him on his success and honors.

Rev. Dr. Bellows, it is said, is greatly dissatisfied with the free religious course of his denomination and talks of leaving the body. We most sincerely pray that he may take this step. There are scores that will follow him. The attempt to build up a semi-evangelical church in union with a fiercely skeptical one, will prove as Charles Francis Adams said the rebellion would, "a miserable failure." May he and his join the true fold of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Rev. Henry Boehm was present at the dedication of the Metropolitan Church. His last visit to Washington before that was in 1810; fifty-nine years previous. Great were the changes in city, state and church; great also in him. Yet his faith and feelings are as young as ever.

Bishop Early is thus described by a correspondent in a sermon before the Baltimore Conference of the Church South. "He is past eighty-three years of age. He wears a long flowing mantle, and is quite erect and vigorous for a man of his years. I could not help admiring his long, white locks and full, rich voice. He prayed with great simplicity and fervor, and his sermon on David's dying advice to Solomon was one of rare pungency and power. He closed with these words, — 'You are all strangers to me, but I know whose children you are. God bless you, my sons and daughters! God bless the congregation, young and old, and the minister too, for which we will all get down and get Brother Rousey of Virginia to pray.' " The same writer adds: — "Judge Bond still stands in the front rank of the loyal men of this city, and is as thoroughly radical as ever. He and his brother, Dr. Bond of the Episcopal Methodist, though foes in politics, are said to be as friendly when not in the line of battle, as ever pickets were when all was 'quiet on the Potomac.' "

The Commonwealth says David Snow of this city was invited to give a memorial window to the Metropolitan Church, but unsuccessfully. Mr. Snow has already given a memorial window to this church.

Rev. J. A. M. Chapman received from the members of his congregation, Tremont Street Church, Boston, a present of \$1,500, on Thursday the 11th inst. It is believed he is to go to Grace Church, Temple Street.

Publications Received since our Last.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.	PUBLISHERS.	FOR SALE BY.
The Gain of a Loss,	Lippincott & Co.	E. P. Dutton & Co.
Diplomatic Correspondence,	Harpers,	A. Williams & Co.
The Ladies' Bazar, Vol. 1,	Carters,	Gould & Lincoln.
The New Monthly (2 vols.),	Lippincott & Co.	E. P. Dutton & Co.
Annals of the American People,	Harpers,	D. Lothrop & Co.
Incidents of the U. S. Christian Commission,	Am. Unit. Assoc'n.	
Prophetic Nations, Baldwin,	W. B. Bradbury,	
Griffith Gaunt, Reads,	Fields, Osgood & Co.	
Barby's Shuttle, Boyd,	L. C. Bowles,	
Seppings-Stones, Boyd,	Hitchcock & Walden.	
Father Gabriel's Fairy,	E. Howe,	
Stories for Eva,	Am. Unit. Soc.	
The Clarions, Bradbury,	J. Miller,	A. Williams & Co.
The Ring and the Book, Browning,	J. S. Peters.	
The Blaisance Prince, Steadman,		
The Monthly Religious Magazine,		
The Golden Hours,		
Howe's Musical Monthly,		
The (Unitarian) Monthly Journal,		
The Christian Examiner,		
Blackwood's Magazine,		
Peters' Musical Monthly,		

The Methodist Church.

Information from any of our churches for this department will be gratefully received and acknowledged.

MAINE.

POCASSET.—Rev. Joseph Marsh writes: "The revival spirit was clearly seen and felt after the week of prayer in January. Another week of prayer was appointed, and God answered. Sinners were converted. Believers were quickened, and a very deep religious interest was, and is felt in the community. More than thirty persons of all ages have sought and are now seeking the Lord; and about twenty have, as we hope, found Him to the joy of their souls, and have had their names put upon the class-book. It seems to some who belong here, that at no time past has there been more deep and powerful conviction in this community. I want a little help.

"A good praying lay brother or two would gladden the hearts of the people here. Are there any who could come?"

KENDALL'S MILLS.—Rev. T. P. Adams writes: "We are holding extra meetings at Kendall's Mills, Maine, and God is blessing the use of the means. Backsliders are coming home, and sinners are rising for prayers."

SOUTHWEST WALDOBORO'.—God is reviving His work in this place. Sabbath February 21st, our meeting continued four hours and a half without intermission. A glorious victory was won in Jesus' name.

MASSACHUSETTS.

NORTH DIGHTON.—Rev. T. S. Thomas writes: "The last Sabbath in January, we began a series of meetings with special reference to a revival of religion in the church and congregation. 'In the name of our God, we set up our banners,' trusting in His promise, that we should rejoice in His salvation. For three weeks, the faithful few gathered 'nightly to listen to the word,' and for prayer, and 'exhortation,' but with no visible results. Our faith was being tried. Relying upon the Divine warrant, 'Whosoever things ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them,' and the special assurance of our Heavenly Father's willingness to 'give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him,' we entered upon our fourth week of earnest toil. The third evening, two young ladies presented themselves for prayer, the earnest of a gracious answer to our importunate cries. Since then, the interest has steadily increased. Thirty young men and young women have knelt at our altar as penitents, besides a number of little ones from eight to twelve years old. In all there is manifest the work of the Holy Spirit, and nearly all have been hopefully converted. The church also has been greatly blessed, and some members, long in a languishing state, have been revived and made to rejoice in the love of God. I am happy to add there is no abatement of interest, but we are looking for still larger displays of saving mercy.

"We have doubled the subscription list to *THE HERALD*, and *Repository* and are circulating *The Golden Hours*, and hope to report an advance in our missionary collections, as we shall in all other Conference collections. In closing our first year with this people, we desire to give praise to God, that our 'labor has not been in vain in the Lord.'"

CHELSEA.—Rev. W. F. Mallalieu writes: "During the last month, Walnut Street Church, at Chelsea, has enjoyed a good degree of spiritual prosperity: several have been converted, and the interest still continues.

"March 11th 'Camp-meeting John Allen' commences his labors in Chelsea. Meetings will be held every afternoon and evening, at the church."

MOUNT BELLINGHAM (Chelsea). Rev. A. F. Herrick, pastor, writes: "The year now closing has been one of general prosperity in the Mount Bellingham Methodist Episcopal Church, Chelsea. The Sabbath congregation has steadily increased in numbers, and the social means of grace are well sustained and interesting. Forty-one have united with the church on trial during the year, and sixty-two have been received into full communion by letter, and probation. A fair has recently been held by the ladies of the church, which resulted in the receipt of \$1,000; a decided success."

TRINITY CHURCH, CHARLESTOWN, has had a series of afternoon and evening meetings, during the past three weeks, with large attendance. The church has been greatly profited and the work seems but just beginning.

BOSTON METHODIST SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of the Boston Methodist Sunday-school and Missionary Society was held on the evening of the 8th inst., in the Bromfield Street Church. An abstract of the annual report of the operations of the Society was read by the Missionary of the Society, Rev. Mr. Kelley. The district visitors, during the year ending on the first day of the present month, made 2,764 visits, distributed 19,824 pages of tracts, induced 93 persons to attend church and 166 to attend Sunday-school, held 201 neighborhood meetings, made 48 conversions, aided 16 families, and distributed 69 garments to the poor. The missionary preached 65 sermons, attended 172 prayer-meetings, 36 class-meetings, 55 board and business-meetings, 142 charitable and benevolent meetings, such as temperance, etc.; 88 Sabbath-schools, S. S. conventions and concerts; 17 funerals; made 964 pastoral visits, prayed with 239 families, 227 visits to the sick. Had given 78 Bibles and Testaments—mostly to Mission Sabbath-schools—4,538 pages tracts and 23,187 pages of children's tracts. Had trav-

elled 3,187 miles in performance of his labor,—never counting distance unless at least travelling 2 miles on the same day. The general condition of the Society and its work is encouraging, though there is a debt of over \$500 on the chapel, and an appeal is made to extinguish this during the current year. After the reading of the abstract, short addresses were made by Rev. L. S. R. Brewster of Church Street Church, who thought that stronger efforts should be made to relieve the great destitution and ignorance as well as wickedness and misery to be found close at hand.

W. W. Cornell, esq., of New York, President of the N. Y. Methodist Sabbath-school and Missionary Society, gave a lucid account of the mission work in that city. Rev. Mr. Marks, one of the missionaries of New York city, gave a thrilling and cheering account of the labors there and of the success attending those labors. Several others made a few brief remarks. It was generally considered to be the best missionary meeting held under the auspices of this Society.

We shall have a word to say in reference to the work next week.

RHODE ISLAND.

WOONSOCKET.—During the present revival in Rev. E. H. Hatfield's church, many of its members have been quickened and led to test their full faith in Christ, and now enjoy a deeper work of grace. Others have been brought into the fold who were strangers in the great highway, and quite a large number almost persuaded to be Christians, who are now subjects of prayer at the altar.

ENGLISH METHODISM.—"Supernumerary" the English correspondent of *The Western Christian Advocate*, thus graphically touches upon some features of English Methodism, which will be read with interest by our readers:—

THE CHAPELS.

Many of the chapels have been recently built, and some are elegant and imposing. There is little, if anything, to distinguish them from similar structures in our country. I remember no instance, however, where the organ and choir were not placed at the pulpit end of the church. The modern-built chapels I have visited are small compared with many of ours, yet the lessened seating capacity of the floor is fully made up by the spacious galleries, which I judge are universal. One feature impresses an American, at least from its novelty. Besides the commodious pews, he will observe, in many of the churches, rude benches without backs, which are the "free seats." Intolerably odious as such distinctions would be in the New World, they do not seem to create the same impression here. I have seen them occupied by humble yet devout worshippers, who seemed entirely unconscious of any consequent disgrace.

MANNER OF WORSHIP.

The aspect of an English congregation is peculiarly devout. All appear serious and attentive to the service. The chapels are well supplied with both hymn-books and Bibles, not for show, but habitual use. Congregational singing is the rule, and the texts and other selections of Scripture are at once turned to by the people. There is, in fact, a decorum—a leisurely freedom from all unseemly haste to get through with the service, which impressed us most favorably. Much more time is given to the opening exercises than with us. In the London chapels the English liturgy is used in addition. Three hymns, and these long ones, are ordinarily sung, besides the chant before the sermon,—

"Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,"

which is the general custom. The Scripture lessons are very long and often interspersed with comments. Indeed, the introductory services would seem really tedious from their great length, were they not conducted with much animation and interest. After the dismissal, the congregation continue for several moments in silent prayer.

STYLE OF PREACHING.

We had several opportunities of listening to Wesleyan preachers, both in and out of London. In every instance the sermons evinced solid thought and careful preparation. The diction, while simple and intelligible to the humblest, was ever chaste, appropriate, and often elegant. We remember no single instance where we observed a solecism or vulgarism. But what pleased us most of all was, the manifest desire to make preaching serve the simple end of impressing Scripture truth. There was such an evident dependence, both of the preacher and his sermon, on the truths of God's Word and the inspiration of His Spirit, that a devout hearer could not fail of spiritual profit. Then incidental expositions of Scripture are frequent, and often most happy and suggestive. A flood of light would often in this way be thrown upon a passage, which gave it power to our hearts never felt before. Unquestionably our English brethren, as a class, are more assiduous and penetrative students of the Bible than ourselves, though we may excel them in our familiarity with the common life and feelings of men, and in illustrations drawn from that source. I believe the power of the pulpit with us would be greatly increased, were we to imitate our British brethren in this one thing of adopting more generally the textual style of sermonizing. On the other hand, in range, freedom, and magnetic sway of an audience, we think the English preachers bear no comparison with our own. The pulpit here is not the favored place for cultivating the grandest orators, and encouraging the loftiest flights of sacred eloquence.

THE NEW MISSION HOUSE.—The Church has been advised that the late General Conference took measures to have Sunday, April 4, celebrated as a jubilee of our Missionary Society throughout the whole Church, it being the fiftieth year since the formation of said Society; and the said General Conference authorized and directed that a collection should be made throughout the Church on that day for the sole purpose of erecting a new mission house in the city of New York.

By subsequent action of the General Conference, a commission was appointed, with authority to erect connectional buildings in New York for the accommodation of all our benevolent societies, if found practicable. In pursuance of this action of the General Conference the Commission mentioned above, and the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society, by its Committee, have been jointly looking for suitable lots on which to build, according to the wishes of the General Conference. Keeping in view the sum of one

million of dollars indicated by the General Conference, for the connectional buildings, the Board has communicated to the Commissioners of the General Conference its readiness to become responsible for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, or one fourth of the whole cost of said buildings, up to a maximum of one million. The Board is waiting to act jointly with the Commission. Toward the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the Board has in hand about fifty thousand, leaving about two hundred thousand to be raised by the jubilee contributions.

We have confidence that the Church will approve of the bond we have given in her name, and for her service and honor, and that she will respond from gratitude and from a sense of duty at the approaching jubilee.

It is desired that all jubilee contributions shall be paid or be payable, wherever practicable, within the month of April, or as early thereafter as is possible. The Pastors of the Churches severally will please forward the amount promptly to the Treasurer, Rev. Thomas Carlton, D. D., New York; or to the Assistant Treasurer, Rev. Luke Hitchcock, D. D., Cincinnati, Ohio.

SECRETARIES.

PRESENTATION.

A very pleasant gathering of the preachers of New London District took place at the residence of Rev. P. T. Kenney, in Vernon, on Monday, March 8. One feature of the occasion was the presentation of a beautiful Waltham watch, and a small sum of money to our Presiding Elder, who is just closing up his term of four years on the District. Father Walker, in a very neat and appropriate speech, made the presentation; to which Bro. Kenney replied most feelingly. At the close of the presentation the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:—

Whereas, The term of Rev. P. T. Kenney, as Presiding Elder of the New London District, will close with the present Conference year; therefore,

1. Resolved, That it has been with universal pleasure and profit that we have received his quarterly visits, and we deeply regret that the time has come for those visits to be discontinued.

2. That we congratulate our Presiding Elder upon the greatly improved condition in which he will leave the District.

3. That we will pray that a kind Providence may deal gently with him—that he may be spared yet many years to the Church, and that finally he may have a safe passport to "the glory of all lands."

After prayer a bountiful collation was partaken of, and the company gradually dispersed. It was an occasion long to be remembered for the genial good feeling that was manifest on the part of every one present. J. E. HAWKINS.

NORTH MANCHESTER, March 8, 1869.

SOUTHERN CORRESPONDENCE.

A CRY FROM GEORGIA.

AUGUSTA, March 4th, 1869.

* This is a great and long to be remembered day with this nation. Last October, Bishop Clark met a Conference at Atlanta in this State, from which he sent the Rev. J. Spilman as Presiding Elder to the Augusta District. This District includes Savannah, and a large section of country, over one hundred miles in extent, thickly dotted with a population of the poorest people in the civilized world. The political state of the country has had the effect to drive out from many of the existing churches, these people, who are homeless, and destitute of any place to meet to worship God, except in the wild forest. It has fallen to my lot to be sent to the mission field, embracing mostly Burke County. In this county there are over fifteen thousand poor colored people without a church or school in all the county. On last Sabbath I preached under a bush, in sight of a large church belonging to what is called the Methodist Episcopal Church South. We had a very large crowd of the most anxious and thankful people that have ever assembled at any time. The text was, "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom." The blessed Jesus then and there proved the truth of His Word; and such a day it was,—long to be remembered, on account of the presence of Christ. The Sacrament was administered to crowds. For three hours the people rejoiced and praised God. Here it is a reproach and supreme scandal to preach to or teach these poor people. O how sweet it is to receive this reproach for Christ! The missionary has enjoyed all the glory and wealth of this South, has occupied fine carpeted parlors, and sat at dainty boards, loaded with all the rich viands of the land, but in comparison of this joy in Christ in this wilderness, all sinks into supreme insignificance.

The old county seat of this county (Waynesborough,) is in a dilapidated state, and plainly shows, in this sunny country, the blush of God for the sin of the people; but the reigning spirit of the land is still under Beelzebub's control. At this town there are three churches; one had been given up to these poor people, but as they could not afford to follow a shepherd, influenced and controlled by the views prevailing politically. These poor people are now out of doors, crying for help. There is offered for sale in this town, a suitable and pretty location, a two-story house, with eight rooms and fire-places, lot ample for a large garden, and out-building, with ample furniture in the house,—all for the sum of two thousand dollars. The property will be worth, in less than five years, \$5,000. This house would answer for a church and school. There are over three hundred children ready to enter a school at this locality. O, are there not some one or two or three good disciples of Jesus who wish to set up an Ebenezer to God in this sunny wilderness. Come, brethren, to the help of the Lord against the mighty. O, send means to purchase this property to the Presiding Elder, Rev. J. Spilman, of Augusta. Brethren, such an opportunity to glorify the name of Jesus Christ in this sunny wilderness will seldom come to you. Will *The Methodist* and *The Christian Advocate* please publish my letter. I call on you in Christ's stead, as though God did beseech you through His humble servant to send over and help these poor people. We joyfully give them such as we have, but gold and silver we have not.

God bless you, and the Church of Christ scattered abroad, whose servants you are.

J. S. ROWELL.

The Christian World.

MISSION FIELD.

"And all the earth shall be filled with the glory of God."—*Num. xiv. 21.*

THE DHERDS OF INDIA.—This is one of the most degraded of the sunken and oppressed castes of India, but they are greatly desiring education for themselves and children. This desire has been awakened by the labors of Christian missionaries among them. Schools are established with great success. But what difficulties the teachers have to encounter! What revolting scenes they witness! Read the following account of their labors, and you will thank God that you live in a Christian land—and you ought to thank Him that you can do something in converting them to Christ. Mr. Rea, a missionary employed by the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, writes:—

"To meet the immediate want, and to show the people that I was at least as much in earnest about their welfare as they were themselves, I at once pitched a tent at the village, and opened a provisional school in a little room at present in our hands. The beginning was most encouraging; and already about thirty boys have learned to read, and are progressing as satisfactorily as can be expected from the bleak and barren nature of the mental soil cultivated. The teachers lived in the tent till the rains came, when it became imperative to seek the protection of a roof. I then sought for a house in the village suitable for a dwelling—indeed we had been seeking it from the first—but so strong was the hostile current among the upper classes that no money could procure a shelter. The only resource then left us, was for the teachers to take up their abode in the school-room until the return of the dry season would again permit the use of a tent, or the building of a new school-house remove all difficulty. If one only allowed his eyes and nose to take the bearings of this little school-room, in which the teachers have passed four long dreary months, he would be convinced that nothing short of an all-controlling sense of duty could keep a man of any kind of refined feeling in such a miserable abode. The school-room, sleeping-room, kitchen, and parlor are one. It is situated in the very centre of the Dherd division of the village (a locality about as respectable, in many points of view, as Hudson's Entry, in Belfast) and is surrounded by all that is offensive and disgusting to every sense of man, both corporeal and mental. These people feed largely on carrion, and have not the remotest idea of either the theory or practice of scavenging, except what is shown them by the morbid deeds of the dogs and vultures. I have many times, with averted eyes, passed by, just when carcasses were being apportioned to the surrounding crowd. This is bad enough, but the filthy language that is constantly bandied about among the inhabitants is infinitely more disgusting to a Christian mind. The room itself is about ten feet by fourteen feet, with a low, mud, rat-holed wall cutting off a useless section of about ten feet in area. In this room our teachers have been living, and when examining the school and conversing with the people who would assemble, I have spent many days in it myself. I should naturally be inclined to make my stay in such a retreat as short as possible, but the heat of the sun, from nine in the morning till four or five in the evening, makes it impossible to shorten the visit. Besides, every time I go, the people crowd into the house to watch the examination of their children and to receive instruction themselves. The furniture and other accommodation I usually enjoy are a broken chair and the floor for tables, a native rope-bed for a couch, and a dish of rice and vegetable curry serve the purposes of a dinner. If the luxury of a smoked cup of tea, or a plate, or spoon, or knife be enjoyed, I bring the articles with me in my pocket. Even in the tent, annoyances have not been wanting. During the hot season, when the sun seems determined to burn up every living thing, the spending of a day under simple canvas is not to be desired. I have seen the hot dust blow into the tent so thick and penetrating that I was obliged to have a cloth held before me while I ate my meal, and even then the sand was gritty between my teeth throughout the process! The new school will, however, remove much of this unpleasantness; and if God be pleased to bless us in our attempts to raise such a sunken and demoralized people, we shall have good reason to rejoice over all our little hardships."

NORWAY.—The work of God is progressing greatly in Norway, as in Sweden. Everywhere, the people are anxious to hear the Gospel. Ola Hanson, a most devoted and successful missionary, writes to the *Missionary Magazine*:—

"I have made a short visit to Eldersdøl, where the Spirit of the Lord wrought powerfully. Many were awakened, and about fifteen were hopelessly converted. The few Christians who were there, were greatly rejoiced. Praise God with us, and pray that He may do great things here. The prospects here are promising in many quarters. I have been to the town of Lillhammar, ninety-six miles from Kristiania. There also was a great desire to listen to the Word. From several places I have received letters, begging me to come to them."

ASSAM.—The country known as Assam, lies on the north-eastern frontier of Burmah, and from that frontier stretches across the plains of the Brahmaputra, from 70 to 100 miles in breadth, towards the Himalaya Mountains. Our Baptist friends have a very successful mission in this country. Mr. Stoddard, one of their missionaries, commenced his missionary tour early in November, on the bank of the Brahmaputra, visiting some places where a missionary had never before gone. In some of them the heathen priests accepted Christian books, and promised to embrace truth wherever found. *The Macedonian* adds:—

"In a village ten miles from Gowalpara, nine were baptized, the first fruits to Christ in that place. At Dama, the seat of a great Garo market, where 12 were baptized last June, Mr. Stoddard baptized ten more in December, and administered the Lord's Supper. Twenty-eight Christian Garos were present at the solemn and interesting occasion. Only six or eight of the number had ever before witnessed such a scene. These disciples are from villages one, five, fifteen, twenty and forty miles distant. The Spirit seems to be moving on the hearts of the people, though some ridicule and persecute."

WHAT HEATHEN CONVERTS DO.—A missionary writes, that a Nestorian convert travelled sixty miles through deep snow and piercing cold, in the month of January, in order to be present at the administration of the Lord's Supper. How many members of the church in Christian countries do not travel sixty rods to enjoy such an occasion? The converted heathen furnish us many noble examples of Christian zeal.

A STIRRING THOUGHT.—The Secretary of the *American Board* says, that "during the last fifty years, twelve hundred millions of our fellow-men have gone down to the grave, from the various mission fields, ignorant of Christ." And who is responsible for their ignorance of Christ? Who? Let each professing Christian answer this question.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

CONGREGATIONALIST.

The revival in the Union Congregational Society at Packardville (Pelham) is the most powerful ever known in that vicinity. Prayer-meetings are held from house to house, and the rooms are thronged with anxious inquirers. Among the recent cases of conversion are a number of heads of families, who have already reared the family altar. The attendance on the Sabbath has more than doubled.—*Congregationalist.*

RITUALISTIC.

Dean Boyd has been dealing with the Ritualists. In a sermon in Exeter Cathedral, he compared the errors of Ritualism to the religion of the ancient Pharisees. The Ritualists, he said, gave strange interpretations of the obscure mysteries of symbolism; they advanced reasons why a church tower should be built square, why the spire should point upwards, why the presence of the Redeemer could not be found amongst His people unless there were two lighted candles upon the Communion table. Symbolism had passed into superstition. Error permeated the minds of the Pharisees; they passed from the religion of spirituality to the religion of ceremony and skepticism, and they scrupled not to put aside God's commandments. So it was in the present day. Just in proportion as men leaned upon ceremonies so far they forsook religion. Leaving spirituality, they were content with an easy life of ceremony. To mistake ceremony for religion was only to mistake bodily exercise for spiritual emotion. Instead of putting value on ceremonies, let them in God's name pay the inward homage of the heart to God.—*London Watchman.*

BAPTIST.

We gather the following information from *The Era*:—At the Second Church Rev. Dr. Eddy baptized eight last Sabbath, and a good religious interest prevails. At the Temple Church Rev. Mr. Fulton baptized nine, seven of them being young men, at the close of a very interesting sermon on the Abrahamic Covenant. At the same time and place Rev. Prof. Ray of the Methodist Theological School in this city, baptized seven recent converts connected with a Methodist Mission on Washington Street. The day was a very interesting one to the Temple Church, many coming forward for prayer in the evening meeting. Special meetings are continued this week.

There is a very powerful revival in progress in Hamilton, N. Y., under the labors of Elder Knapp.

Quite an interest prevails in brother Miller's church at Somerville, with conversions.

A very extensive revival is in progress in the Baptist Church at Oldtown. Converts and inquirers are multiplying daily, and the work is increasing.

A rare and beautiful incident occurred last week on Monday evening in Detroit, at the closing services of the ordination of Brother Young as pastor of the German Baptist Church. The congregation were requested to sing the doxology,

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,"

to the tune of Old Hundred. There were present, Germans, French, and Americans, and they all united in singing it, each in their own tongue. It was a beautiful and harmonious blending of different languages in one sentiment and voice, showing impressively how God is bringing the nations of the earth together, and what will be the harmonies of heaven. Perhaps just such an incident never occurred before. It was truly affecting.

There is some talk of building a new Baptist Church on Asylum Hill, Hartford, Conn. The Dwight Street Baptist Mission authorities of New Haven talk of building a new chapel on the site now occupied by their present chapel. Want of room is given as the reason why a new one should be built.—*Era.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

PAGANISM RESTORED IN NEW YORK.—THE WORSHIP OF MERCURY!—The Rev. Samuel Osgood, D. D., states, in last week's *Liberal Christian*, that at recent exercises in honor of the Roman god Mercury in the Fifth Avenue, the pageant was both rich and rare. As the Rev. divine entered the apartments set apart for the rites of the evening, a young usher, robed in some style which the Rev. Dr. Osgood does not mention, asked him to "dip his hand in a vase of water, and to be crowned with a wreath of flowers, and to wear a golden harp upon the breast. Such was the order of the evening, and the rooms were nearly full of guests thus adorned. There were generals, admirals, poets, editors, lawyers, merchants, divines, all in that strange rig." The rites consisted in "the singing procession of priests, the lustration, sacrifice, unveiling of the statue, speeches, poems, banquets, libations, sentiments, recitations," &c. "Two of our preachers," adds Dr. Osgood, "were there, and both spoke a good word for Mercury; but it must have seemed curious to them, we should say, to stand up there, on Shrove Tuesday, with a singing procession of heathen priests, all in that strange rig, and amid libations and lustrations, to preach in favor of a Pagan divinity whose mythological merits were cunning and thievery! We wonder how they felt the next day, as they appeared once more in their own Christian churches, to commence with the solemn services of Ash Wednesday the penitential observances of Lent."

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.—The stated meeting of the Board of Managers was held at the Bible House, Astor Place, on Thursday, the 4th inst.

Fourteen new auxiliaries were recognized; of which, one was in each of the States of Maine, California, West Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, and Tennessee, and four in Texas.

Various interesting communications were received in regard to the progress of the work, giving several interesting incidents, with the reports for the year, and fiscal and book accounts from missionaries and foreign agents. They were from Mexico, South America, Rev. W. Clark in Italy, Rev. C. H. Wheeler at Harport, Rev. Charles Hartwell and Rev. Justus Doolittle, of China, Rev. E. P. Hastings, Ceylon, Rev. R. G. Wilder of Kolapoor, India.

The entire number of volumes granted was 23,277, beside others to the amount of \$100 to the Leon County Bible Society, Fla.

Appropriations to the amount of \$55,350 were made for the

work in foreign countries for the ensuing year, exclusive of the work in Mexico and South America.

Measures were taken looking to an enlargement of the work of the Society at home and abroad.

The subject of omitting the usual anniversary exercises, which was before the Board at the last stated meeting, and deferred for further consideration, was taken up, when it was finally determined to make no change.

AN OFFSET TO THE ROMANISTS.—the *Tablet*, speaking for the Roman Catholics in this country, says:—

"The real enemies to us, among Protestant sects in this country, are the Methodists, admirably organized for aggression; and who in their appeals to the animal nature and sensible devotion, acquire no little power over the sensitive, the ignorant, and the superstitious. They, however, are laying the foundation of their own ruin. They are becoming wealthy, are building fine churches, founding colleges and theological seminaries, and are taking their place among the respectable sects of the country. A strong party among them, almost a majority, are struggling to introduce lay representation in their conferences, and they are not unlikely to succeed. These things will gradually work their ruin. They are ruined the moment they lose sight of the poor, the ignorant, and the neglected, and pride themselves on having large, wealthy, and fashionable congregations. The poor are worth more than the rich."

The Rev. Father J. F. Hecker, a Roman Catholic lecturer, says a correspondent of the *Presbyterian*, has recently been addressing the Young Men's Christian Associations in the Northwest, upon "Luther and his Times." His lecture is intended to represent that the Reformation was needless; that the great Reformer was a very different personage from what we usually suppose; and that Romanism is destined to subject our whole country. At Ann Arbor, Mich., the address was listened to in silence till its close, when some one cried out, "Three cheers for Martin Luther!" The whole audience immediately rose en masse and gave them with a will, greatly to the disgust of the lecturer. Let the people read real history.

Our Book Table.

THE LIFE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON, AND OF HIS SON, ROBERT STEPHENSON, our pricing also a History of the Invention and Introduction of the Railway Locomotive, by Samuel Smiles. With Portraits and numerous Illustrations. Harper Bros.

The most profound mind of his times was George Stephenson. To him the world is more indebted than to any other man for its present locomotion. He seems raised up to fulfill Daniel's prophecy that "many shall run to and fro." His life, well written and well illustrated, should be read by everybody who rides on a railroad. It is a wonderful proof of the power of a resolute soul over all his enemies, whether of his own household, or from outside forces. Who would have dreamed that the greatest man in his time in all the kingdom was born after this humiliating manner?

"The colliery village of Wylam is situated on the north bank of the Tyne, about eight miles west of Newcastle. The Newcastle and Carlisle Railway runs along the opposite bank; and the traveller by that line sees the usual signs of a colliery in the unsightly pumping-engines, surrounded by heaps of ashes, coal dust, and slag; while a neighboring iron-furnace, in full blast, throws out dense smoke and loud jets of steam by day, and lurid flames at night. These works form the nucleus of the village, which is almost entirely occupied by coal-miners and iron-furnace-men."

"There is nothing to interest one in the village itself. But a few hundred yards from its eastern extremity stands a humble, detached dwelling, which will be interesting to many as the birthplace of one of the most remarkable men of our times, George Stephenson, the Railway Engineer. It is a common, two-storied, red-tiled, tumbled house, partitioned off into four laborers' apartments."

"The lower room in the west end of this house was the home of the Stephenson family, and there George Stephenson was born, the second of a family of six children, on the 9th of June, 1781. The apartment is now, what it was then, an ordinary laborer's dwelling; its walls are unplastered, its floor is of clay, and the bare rafters are exposed overhead."

His father Robert was a Scotchman, who had come over the border as a gentleman's servant. His mother was a dyer's daughter, named Carr. Very poor they were, and very queer was he: as one of his neighbors said, "Geordie's father was like a peer of deals nailed together an' a bit o' flesh i' th' inside. He was queer as Dick's hat-band, went thrice about, and wudn't tie." He was fond of boys and birds, and had a cluster of each around him much of the time. George's first service was in keeping the other children from being run over by the coal cars on a horse tram-way, or wooden railway that passed his father's door. He was a bright boy, full of fun and tricks, making engines as a boy's pastime. He was early put on the engine, and at fourteen became regular assistant engineer, at a shilling, or twenty-five cents a day. How poor they yet were is seen from this statement, that after this they lived "in only one room, in which father, mother, four sons and two daughters lived and slept. It was crowded with three low-poled beds." That is the condition in which millions of English, and tens of millions of Europeans live to-day.

George had that good gift of great men,—do your best to-day. He only aspired at this time to be full engineer. He studied the engine faithfully, in order to attain this post. He was fascinated with it, and "was never weary of watching and inspecting it with admiration." He was thus unconsciously becoming its master, and gaining power to use it for marvelous and undreamed-of uses.

Anxious to learn all that had been written on this subject, he found, suddenly, that he could not read. He had not even learned his letters. Few, in this condition, feel their loss. Fewer struggle to overcome it. Not so with him. He who was to fill valleys and level mountains for the path of man, must first fill this valley and level this mountain in his own condition. "Although a grown man, and doing the work of a man, he was not ashamed to confess his ignorance and go to school, big as he was, to learn his letters." It cost him threepence a week, two cents an evening, and "at the age of nineteen he was proud to be able to write his own name." He studied arithmetic, and got through "Reduction" in one winter, which was considered by his master and associates a great feat of scholarship. He added shoe-mending and shoe-making, and cutting and mending clothes, to his other accomplishments; and even fought a duel with fists, the only right way (if there is any right way) of fighting one, with a bally and terror of the neighborhood, whom he soundly whipped. Smiles thinks this was a prelude to the coming man. As Wellington won Waterloo on Eton grounds, so Stephenson won his railroad triumphs

in the Dolly Pit Field. "In after life his mettle was often as hardly tried, though in a different way; and he did not fail to exhibit the same courage in contending with the bullies of the railway world as he had shown in his encounter with Ned Nelson, the fighting pitman of Colleton."

He was very slow in rising, or even in showing any remarkable qualities. In 1808, then 27 years old, he was desperately poor, a widowed man, with an only son, the famous Robert, and strongly intending to go to America. Had he come, this country would have had the honor of creating the first locomotive as it has of creating the first steamboat and telegraph. But this was the end of the night. He began to make improvements in the engine. A pit was filled with water, and nobody could drain it. George said he could do it. The proprietor heard of it, and in despair sought him, one Sunday night, on his way to the Methodist chapel, which he then attended, and ought to have clung to, and asked him if he could put the engine to rights. George thought he could. He told him to go to work, and said, "If you succeed, I will make you a man for life." We fear that he did not hear so much of the preaching, that evening, as he ought to have done. He began next morning. The engineers had all given it up, and looked to see him fail. He selected his own workmen. "All Whigs or all Tories," was his motto. He succeeded, and soon became a marked man.

The railway had gradually grown in public favor, and great efforts had been made to get charters through Parliament, but had failed—once because it would interfere with the Duke of Cleveland's fox cover. At length a charter was secured. But all those had horses or stationary engines for their moving power; this last being Stephenson's idea. He only believed in a moving engine, dragging trains of cars. He had proved their success in his collieries. Others had done so before him. But none had made any work as well as he, and none had projected their use on general railways. His improvements were great, and he was placed at the head of the first regular railway. This met with vigorous opposition. *The Tyne Mercury* (Newcastle, Nov. 16th, 1824), asked, in disgust, "What person would ever think of paying anything to be conveyed from Hexham to Newcastle in something like a coal-wagon, upon a dreary wagon way, and to be dragged for the greater part of the distance by a roaring steam-engine?" It was opened in 1825, "Locomotive No. 1," which drew the train, being preceded by a horseman. But Stephenson made the horseman get out of the way, and put the speed up to twelve and fifteen miles an hour, leaving the gentlemen on horseback, and carriages, and the crowd of footmen far behind. Stephenson, before this was done, predicted that the time would come when everything would go by steam, and "when it would be cheaper for a poor man to ride than to walk"—a prediction long since verified. But this was not designed for passengers. It was for coal freight, chiefly. Stephenson got permission to build a passenger-car, which he called "The Experiment." It was put on the track, and sub-let to other parties than those who owned and run the freight cars. Soon rivals hired the track for their coaches, and so passenger travel became developed. This, however, was all done by horse. "The roaring steam-engine" was yet unused.

The success of this railway started others, and the Liverpool and Manchester was soon projected. How Stephenson subdued these difficulties, building sixty-three great bridges, when one had before been considered a gigantic feat, filling Chat Moss, the most fanatical thing ever attempted, even in Great Britain, cutting through mountains, and doing other wonderful things—are they not all told in this biography? To see how one man subdued all men, a more than Napoleon, as he said he was, and knew he was, read this story. Napoleon long since vanished away; Stephenson is to be king over all the earth, and all the future.

The men who have ridiculed the Hoosier Tunnel should read this story of "Chat Moss." The engineers declared its subjugation impossible. Parliament laughed at the attempt. But Stephenson subdued it. The whole lesson of a successful life he sums up in one word—"Persevere." "Persevere," was his motto. Never did the Latin saying, "Perseverance conquers all things," have a better example. But he did not persevere, without knowing what he was undertaking. "Be sure you're right," was his first motto. His son's life is added to his own, and both make up a valuable biography.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.—CARSELL, or the Children of the Valleys (Lippincott), NOTHING BUT LEAVES, and LITTLE MAGGIE (Skelly, Philadelphia), GENTLE'S SACRIFICE (National Temperance Society), are healthy stories of child life, with the usual variety and similarity.

D. Lothrop & Co., Cornhill, send a beautiful set of cards, with colored birds. This is a sort of color nobody objects to. They are just the thing for presents to children, and very reasonable.

Sever, Francis & Co. have issued a delightful little pamphlet story, entitled, *ANNE*, a sketch of Norwegian life. It is full of novelty,—religious, neighborly, and natural.

REALM, by Arthur Helps (Roberts Brothers) is a repetition of "Friends in Council" in a new form. It is a conversation of a cultivated Englishman, of affairs parliamentary and official, of the State, with his confidential secretary. It may have been suggested by Mr. Helps's own manner of life, as private secretary to the Queen, and, perhaps, is the fruit of not a few discussions with her and her associates around the table, and in the library. It is a book every scholarly taste will enjoy. Shrewd, sharp, striking at popular notions, abounding in sayings fit to be proverb, it is far above the common run of books. How neat these happy thoughts:—

"The tiger will stand on the tip of his tail, to make himself agreeable in good company."

"The crane stands upon one leg in heavenly meditation; but all the while he is looking sharply after fish."

"While the lightning lasted, two bad men were friends."

"If the spider barked like a dog, would he catch flies?"

The story is of no account. The conversations are most valuable. The two best works of semi-fiction, for literary minds, that have appeared this season, are "Happy Thoughts" and "Realm."

THE VISION OF DANTE. Translated by H. F. Carey. Paper, 50 cents. Appleton. This puts the oldest and greatest of modern poems at the cheapest price, in good readable form, before every student. When is Longfellow coming out in this shape?

SCOTT'S WORKS. 1 volume. Appleton. This is a very cheap series of the greatest of story-tellers.

ZION'S PSALTER, or Methodist Hymn Book in German. Prepared at Bremen for our German Free Churches. It is neatly printed, gilded, and softly bound, and shows how the Methodist hymns and tunes are travelling over the world. Thus "Jesus, lover of my soul," looks in its new dress:—

"Jesus, Heiland meine Seele,
Lass an Deine Brust mich flehn;
Da die Wasser näher raschen,
Da die Wetter höher ziehn."

The Farm and Garden.

Prepared for Zion's Herald, by JAMES F. C. HYDE.

Any person desiring information on subjects in this department will please address its Editor, care of Zion's Herald.

WHAT FRUITS TO PLANT FOR FAMILY USE. APPLES.—Williams, Sweet Bough, Red Astrachan, Porter, Gravenstein, Pumpkin Sweeting, for baking, Washington, Hubbardston Nonsuch, Cogswell, Golden Russet, Ladies' Sweeting, Baldwin, Roxbury Russet, Rhode Island Greening. There are many other good apples that should find a place in a large orchard.

PEARS.—Madeleine, Brandywine, Clapp's Favorite, Bartlett, Dearborn's Seedling, for summer, Belle Lucrative, Shelden, Swan's Orange, Beurre Bosc, Beurre d'Anjou, Seckel, Marie Louise, for autumn, Lawrence, Hovey, and Vicar of Wakefield, for cooking, for winter. There are a great many varieties well worthy the attention of growers, but we have only sought to give a few of the best.

CHERRIES.—Black Eagles, Black Heart, Black Tartarian, Downer, Mayduke.

PEACHES.—Coolidge's Favorite, Crawford's Early, Crawford's Late, Hale's Early, Early York, George the Fourth, Oldmixon, and Grosse Mignonne.

PLUMS.—Green Gage, Jefferson, Lawrence's Favorite, McLaughlin, Imperial Gage, Yellow Gage, and Coe's Golden Drop.

QUINCES.—Orange or Apple.

GRAPES.—Concord, Hartford Prolific, Delaware, Rogers No. 4, and Diana.

CURRENTS.—La Versailles, Dana's White, Fertile of Angers, Red and White Dutch.

GOOSEBERRIES.—Houghton's Seedling, Mountain Seedling, Downing's Seedling, and American Seedling.

RASPBERRIES.—Knevet's Giant, Brinckle's Orange, Clarke.

BLACKBERRIES.—Dorchester, Lawton, Wilson's Early, and Kittanning.

STRAWBERRIES.—Brighton Pine, Hovey's Seedling, and Wilson's Albany, where quantity rather than quality is desired.

We feel sure that the above named sorts are among the best, and will give satisfaction to all who will plant and take care of them. It is a great shame that so many families should be obliged to go without a plentiful supply of fruit, when it can be so easily raised. If our list does not suit a portion of our readers because of their location, if they will have the kindness to inform us where they live, we will endeavor to prepare a list adapted to their locality.

We beg of all those who own land and have no orchard or fruit garden to set one this spring.

THE WOOD PILE.—We wish to impress upon the minds of our farmer friends, the importance of having a good large pile of wood all cut and split; and better still, if piled up ready for next summer, fall and winter's use. We hope none are so foolish as to forget this very necessary provision for the comfort and convenience of the family. It is always better to have the wood piled under cover if possible.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—F. H., West Waterville. "Let me know the modes of grafting practiced in your section of country."

Most of the large trees are grafted by the method known as cleft grafting. The limb is split and the scions spliced wedge shape, and set so that the line between the bark and wood of the scion will correspond with the same in the stock. Then there is whip or splice grafting, where the stock and scion are nearer of a size. There are two or three ways of performing this operation. Then there is saddle grafting, making the stock wedge shape, and splitting the scion and setting it over the stock, part each side. Then there is a plan that we have adopted to some extent, of splicing the scion all on one side, and slipping it under the bark on the limb that is to be grafted, and tying it in, as a bud is tied in, with a piece of bass matting. These are all the methods we have made use of in our horticultural operations. The offer in our correspondent's letter to act as agent is respectfully declined.

R. G., Boston, asks the following questions:—

"What is the best manner of setting out currant, blackberry and gooseberry bushes? Also grape-vines, and the proper distance apart? How shall the ground be prepared for the same, and the most profitable varieties?"

The currant-bushes should be set in rows four to five feet apart, and four feet apart in the row. Set plants one year old, if very strong, or two years from the cutting. The land should be very well manured; for currants seem to flourish in a very rich soil. The gooseberry may be set and treated in the same way. Blackberries like a rich, moist soil; should be set in rows seven to eight feet apart, and the plants four feet apart in the row. They should be set in the spring, and trained or tied up to cheap wire trellises. Grape-vines may be set in the field or garden, eight feet apart each way, and trained to single stakes, or trained to wires, fastened to posts

running through the field. We hardly know which is best. There are so many ways of managing grape-vines that it would require a book to treat them all. The vines should never be put too near together, especially if they be strong growers.

It is enough to plough the land for all the above named fruits. Manure well for all except the grape-vines. We seem to get better results in New England when the least manure is used. For an answer to the last questions, see list of varieties in this paper.

SOIL FOR THE GRAPE.—It is a curious fact that very rich and highly manured land has rarely produced a grape that would yield a high quality of wine. The grape that contains the most saccharine matter will make the best wine, and the different varieties differ widely in the proportion of sugar. In Italy and in Sicily the very finest and sweetest grapes grow on the rocky rubbish of volcanoes, and those that grow on loose, rocky soils or along hill-sides covered with rocks are often the best. These facts ought to teach us not to select the richest soils, and not to stuff them with organic manures for the grape.

The Righteous Dead.

JOHN ALLEN CHANDLER FELLOWS, instructor of Greek, Latin, and Mathematics, in Bowdoin College, died at Brunswick, Feb. 6, 1869, aged 27. Bro. Fellows was one of those rare examples of excellence in which the sharpest criticism can discover no blemish, and which seem to furnish a foundation of the doctrine of universal sinfulness. No shade of untruthfulness or dishonorable conduct ever marred the beauty of his character. He was, however, himself deeply sensible of a tendency to evil, and of his need of pardon.

He was born in Athens, Me., May 13, 1842. His parents, John and Sarah A. W. Fellows, for many years have been worthy members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and practical believers in the Wesleyan idea of "higher life." The type of their own piety was strongly impressed upon the character of their son. From very early life he manifested a decided religious bias. In his sixth year, he gave evidence of a change of heart. At the age of ten he was deeply affected, and greatly quickened, by the sudden death of a younger and much-loved brother, whose religious experiences were remarkably mature for one so young. This afflictive bereavement he regarded as a special call to a more earnest Christian life. He promptly obeyed the Divine voice, and commenced a more faithful course of Christian duty. Not long afterwards he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which he remained a faithful and esteemed member, till he was transferred to the church above.

As he approached the age of manhood, he became intensely desirous of a collegiate education, and pursued his preparatory studies in the High School at Bangor, whither the family had removed. In the fall of 1862, he entered the Freshman Class in Bowdoin College, and his parents removed to Brunswick, that they might afford John, their only surviving child, a home, and enjoy his society during his college life. From the beginning, he took the lead of his class, and maintained that distinction to the last. His recitations were always remarkably correct. "Whatever he did," says a classmate, "he did exactly right, as if by intuition." His college deportment was uncommonly correct. He never allowed the excitement nor the traditional custom peculiar to college life, to move him, in the slightest degree, from strict propriety. Yet he was kind and affable, and greatly beloved by his fellow students. He was deeply interested in their religious welfare, labored and prayed earnestly for their salvation, and was instrumental in leading some of them to Christ.

At his graduation, contrary to all precedent, in the history of the college, he was selected tutor, and entered at once upon his duties as a college officer. This severe test of ability he endured with complete success. He performed his work with great thoroughness in all its details, and so satisfactorily, that at the ensuing Commencement he was promoted to the rank of instructor. Notwithstanding his extreme modesty, his firmness was equal to every emergency, and his management of his classes was entirely successful. He was very highly esteemed by the other members of the faculty, and it was their wish to secure his services in the college permanently. Had he lived, he would probably have been soon advanced to a professorship.

His mental character was remarkably symmetrical. He excelled in every branch of study which he undertook. If any qualities were in excess, they were modesty, conscientiousness, and sympathy. Though highly esteemed by all, he was fully appreciated only by those who knew him intimately. His scrupulous rectitude had its foundation in a deeply-laid religious principle, attributable in no small degree to the influence of a pious and discreet mother, always at hand, whom through life he delighted to make his confidant. He conferred with her in regard to all his plans, sought her counsel in every emergency, and spent much time with her for divine guidance, and for the blessing of God upon his fellow-students. These seasons of prayer were sometimes prolonged till midnight. It is no marvel that his influence upon his associates was so salutary. Seldom have parents ever had a more valuable treasure in a son. Though retiring and unobtrusive, he was deeply emotional. He was strongly attached to his classmates, and to his co-laborers in college.

The religious experience of Bro. Fellows was the crowning excellence of his life. Ever faithful and consistent, he yet felt the need of a more positive experience. About six weeks before his death, on returning to his father's house after an evening prayer-meeting, in company with a clerical friend, he remarked that his religious life was not fully satisfactory; that he felt a lack of a spirit of full consecration. It was proposed to take the subject immediately to God in prayer. They knelt by the bedside, and continued in earnest pleadings to a late hour, when the full assurance of his acceptance came. The question was settled. His doubts were gone; he felt that he was wholly the Lord's; he immediately entered upon a soldier and more earnest course of Christian activity. His friends fondly hoped that this gracious anointing was for higher usefulness in life. They knew not that it was a baptism for higher than mortal work. He was suddenly smitten with disease, and in one week his earthly career was closed.

The death-sickness was no surprise to him. He sweetly submitted to the Divine will, and cheerfully resigned the bright prospects of life, for the glorious inheritance above. He was wonderfully sustained—*fully armed*. A sweet smile played upon his countenance in the midst of suffering, and told of peace which words could not express, till consciousness was overpowered, and the spirit fled to the world of bliss.

The funeral services were conducted in the Congregational Church, by the writer of this sketch, assisted by Rev. Dr. Adams, Pres. Harris, and other members of the faculty. A delegation of classmates acted as bearers, and a large procession followed to the College Cemetery, where the burial service was read at the grave, over which the "whispering pines" will sigh his requiem till the morn of the resurrection. Long will the memory of instructor Fellows be cherished with affectionate esteem by college students and faculty, and his early departure mourned by afflicted friends.

Brunswick, Feb. 20, 1869. S. ALLEN.

Bro. EDWARD GREEN died in Otisfield, Me., of consumption, Jan. 8, 1869, aged 24 years.

He sought and found the Lord in his youth, and joined the M. E. Church, in which he lived till called to the Church above. He studied for the medical profession, and was nearly ready to commence practice, when he was obliged to abandon the idea, and get ready to die. He said, just before he died, "I am willing to go."

CHARLES K. BILEY died in Bridgton, Me., Dec. 13, 1868, of consumption. He gave his heart to God about ten years since, under the labors of Rev. A. B. Lovewell, and lived a Christian life till called to his reward on high.

JAMES E. MERRILL died at Kent's Hill, Me., Jan. 7, 1869, aged 46 years. At the age of 13 he was converted, and joined the Baptist Church in industry, of which he continued a member until death. The greater part of his religious life has been spent in this place; and the universal testimony is, "Bro. Merrill was a good man." While those who knew him best, knew him to be a man of more than ordinary culture and refinement—knew him to be a noble Christian gentleman. His last sickness was protracted and severe, but he was not only patient and resigned, but happy and triumphant. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace."

HERA JONES died in East Douglas, Mass., Dec. 5, 1868, in the 41st year of his age. He was converted when but a lad, and always after led a good Christian life. He was a victor over the last enemy, and the religion of Christ enabled him to resign all to the Lord, and to depart in peace. He was an affectionate husband and father, a great lover of Methodism, and a good supporter of the institutions of the Church, desiring his pastor and family, as well as his own, to richly enjoy, not only the spiritual blessings of grace in Christ, but also the less enduring temporal good things of Divine Providence; and also that all the Church might be strong in the Lord.

but slow sale. Call loans are nominally 7 per cent, with but little doing. Government securities are higher.

6's	5-20's	10-40's
'81. '82. '84. '85. '86. '87. '88. '89.		
110 111 114 117 112 112 112 105		

GENERAL BUSINESS.—The market for low grades of Flour is firm, but for all grades that are held above these figures the market is weak, and favors buyers. The market for mixed corn is quiet, and we hear of no sales. Oats quiet. Shorts steady. Provisions dull. Cotton dull, and prices have again declined 1/2 c. per lb. In Butter there is no special change in prices, and holders are glad to sell. Cheese firm. Fresh meats not well sustained. Eggs steady at 25 1/2 c. per dozen. Apples firm. Jackson White potatoes 80 c. per bushel.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, March 8, by Rev. L. R. S. Brewster, Joseph H. Thing to Miss Mary E. Bepko, both of Boston.
In this city, March 4, by Rev. J. E. Risley, Matthew M. Kimm to Jane Morton, both of Boston.
In East Cambridge, March 2, by Rev. Mr. Collier, Geo. W. Dearborn of Somerville, to Miss M. H., daughter of Horatio N. Hovey, esq., of East Cambridge.
In Malden, March 8, by Rev. T. Berton Smith, Edward O. L. Schwagerl, esq., of St. Louis, to Miss Josephine Ladd, daughter of Dr. N. O. Ladd, of Malden.
In Newburyport, Feb. 29, by Rev. John Capen, T. Otis Philbrick to Miss Mary E. Hovey, also of Hampton, N. H.; March 2, Frank W. D. Colby to Miss Abbie Jane Perkins, all of Newburyport.
In Coleraine, Feb. 10, by Rev. A. Sanderson, Isaac D. Smith to Nancy F. Jones; Feb. 17, by same, Roger Morse, of Bennington, Vt., to Mrs. L. A. Hinsdale, of B.
At the M. E. Church, Waltham, Me., by Rev. S. Paine, Feb. 24, Frederick J. C. Freeman, of Boston, to Mrs. Sarah A. Field, of Minot, Me.
At Barnardston, Feb. 25, by Rev. A. Bayles, Horatio G. Fickett, of Winchester, N. H., to H. Augusta Carleton, of Barnardston.
In North Manchester, March 2, by Rev. J. E. Hawkins, Leander H. Finley, of Marlboro', to Miss Adell E. Deming, of Manchester.
In South Weymouth, March 5, by Rev. Geo. Peirson, Jennison G. Morse to Lucy P. Gibbs, both of Weymouth.
In Berwick, Me., Feb. 20, by Rev. J. E. Baxter, Horace Smith to Mrs. Amanda Carter, both of Rollinsford, N. H.
In Fairfield, Me., Feb. 25, by Rev. T. J. Trus, Edward H. Jones to Sarah B. Parlin, both of Fairfield.
In Patten, Me., Jan. 17, by Rev. E. Parker, Joel W. Morrill to Miss Martha E. Head; also, by same, Feb. 6, Jefferson C. Mitchell to Miss Alice Marion Morrill, all of Patten.
In Searsport, Me., Feb. 9, by Rev. A. Church, George Gould, of Dixmont, to Miss Caroline Tyler, of Searsport; March 2, Aldon S. Dodge, of South Dedham, Mass., to Miss Mary V. Merrill, of Searsport.
In Rockport, Me., Feb. 21, by Rev. W. L. Brown, Amos E. Russell to Miss Mary R. Herrick, both of B.
In Searsport, Me., Feb. 20, by Rev. M. W. Newbert, Amos A. Whitehouse to Mrs. Clara E. Mitchell, both of Monville, Me.
In Kennebunkport, Me., March 2, by Rev. J. Roscoe Day, Wesley Sanborn to Miss Emma O. Chick, both of Kennebunkport.
At the M. E. Parsonage in Mineral Point, Wis., by Rev. D. W. Cough, Kenneth Cough, late of Bayona, Ohio, to Miss Maria S. Richards, of Groton, N. H.

Deaths.

In Shelburn Falls, after a lingering illness, Sister Louisa Eddy, aged 25, a consistent and devoted member of the M. E. Church in Coleraine.
In San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 29, 1893, Lizzie Morton Taft, aged 2 years, 4 months, 25 days, only child of Benjamin D. and Elizabeth Taft, late of Neponset.

Church Register.

HERALD CALENDAR.

Portland Ministerial Association, Saco, March 29.
Orient Ministerial Association, at Whiting, March 29.
Rockland District Ministerial Association, North Vassalboro', June 22.
New London Dist. Minist. Association (date not given—see Herald, March 11).
Providence Dist. Minist. Association, Warren, in May or June.

CONFERENCE CALENDAR.

New England, Lowell, Mass., March 24, Bp. Thomson.
Providence, Fall River, March 24, Bishop Clark.
New Hampshire, Lisbon, April 7, Bishop Clark.
New York East, Middletown, Ct., April 7, Bp. Thomson.
Vermont, Waterbury, April 15, Bishop Thomson.
Maine, Saccapuss, May 5, Bishop Clark.
East Maine, Bangor, May 20, Bishop Clark.

PROVIDENCE CONFERENCE.—Free return tickets to those attending the Methodist Conference at Fall River, March 24, will be honored on this road.
E. N. WISLOW, Sup't Cape Cod Railroad.

MAINE CONFERENCE.—The preachers intending to bring their wives to our next session, will please notify me immediately by letter.
W. B. BARTLETT.
Saccapuss, March 12, 1899.

PROVIDENCE CONFERENCE.—The Class in the Fourth Year's Course of Study will meet the Committee in the vestry of the First M. E. Church, Fall River, March 23, at 9 o'clock, A. M.
W. V. MORRISON, for Committee.

Sagining Mission, Michigan, March 1, 1899.—We the Indians of Sagining do say, we very much glad and thankful, for what our good white brothers, the ministers in Onawa, have been doing for us. Brother Malla-lan and Church, and Brother Herrick and family, have done great things for us, in giving us clothes and money; but they give us the clothes, and they give us some money to buy new sin (food).
Now we see they are Jesus' children because they do work like Jesus.
We poor gah-gah-go. Sho-nejah (no money), but Jesus eh-neh-behah shone-yah (very rich); he give you big pay tah-mah Ishpiming (by and by in heaven).
We now shake hands.
(Good-bye).
ELLIOTT CARAT, Chief.
DANIEL HALL, Indian Minister.
SHEBAH GE SHIM, Exhorter.
THOMAS SAGATOO, Class-leader.
PETER SAGATOO, Interpreter.
MARY A. SAGATOO, Missionary Teacher.

TRUSTEES OF N. E. CONFERENCE.—The annual meeting of the Trustees of the N. E. Conference will be held in the Worthen St. M. E. Church, Lowell, on Wednesday, March 24, 1899, at 8 o'clock, A. M.
March 15.
S. CURRIER, Sec'y.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE. READ, READ!!

—Take due notice, and govern yourselves accordingly!

Fare reduced on the following Railroads:
Boston, Hartford and Erie. SPECIAL tickets to Boston, may be found at the following stations: Southbridge, Webster, East Douglas, Millville, Walpole, Hyde Park. Tickets to be counter-signed at the Conference.

East of Worcester to Boston (SPECIAL tickets): Natick, Saxonville, Framingham, Milford, Holliston, Marlboro', Cordville, Westboro', E. Holliston, Ashland, Milbury, Grafton and Worcester. Tickets to be counter-signed at the Conference. When buying your tickets, call for a ticket to the New England Conference, and Lowell, and Lowell. Regular fare must be paid, and not package tickets used.

This arrangement holds good from March 22 to April 1. Persons going by way of Groton will there buy tickets over the Stony Brook and Lowell. Fare on the Boston and Albany Road reduced one half to Boston (regular fare one way). Persons from the west of Worcester, can, if they prefer, go by way of Groton. No arrangements can be made for any one failing to observe the above notice.
C. L. EASTMAN.
Newtonville, March 12.

PROVIDENCE CONFERENCE. Railroad Notice.—All persons attending the coming session of this Conference, who pay full fare to Providence, on any road in Eastern Connecticut, except the Shore Line, can obtain return passes of the subscriber, at the Conference, Rockville, March 12, 1899.
J. W. WILLET.

DEDICATION.—The Methodist Church at Stark, Me., will be dedicated March 23. Services at 10 o'clock, A. M., and 7 P. M. in the evening. Former pastors, and brethren in the ministry generally, are cordially invited to be present. Will the brethren come to tarry a few days?
D. WATERHOUSE.

NEW ENGLAND EDUCATION SOCIETY.—The state of my health compelled me last fall to resign as Treasurer of the above Society. Rev. EDWARD ORSMAN was appointed in my place. Persons interested will please, therefore, address Rev. Edward Orsman.
March 12, 1899.
F. RAND.

The candidates for admission on trial, into the New England Conference, are requested to meet at the vestry of the Worthen Street Church, on Tuesday, March 23, at 9 o'clock, A. M., for examination.
For the Committee,
Wm. Rice, Chairman.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE NOTICE. TO THE THIRD CLASS.—Persons to be examined in the studies of the third year, will present themselves in the vestry of the Worthen Street Church, on Tuesday A. M., March 23, at 9 o'clock.
HENRY W. WARREN,
Chairman Com. of Exam.

The candidates for admission on trial in the Travelling Connection, Providence Conference, and the Committee of Examination, will please meet in the vestry of First M. E. Church, Fall River, Tuesday, March 23, at 9 o'clock, A. M.
W. H. STURGEON.

The Ladies of the churches and congregations in Boston and vicinity are invited to meet in the vestry of the Broadfield Street Church, on Friday next, at 2 1/2 o'clock, P. M.
The object is to consult upon the feasibility of holding a Fair, some time next autumn, for the benefit of the Boston Theological Seminary, and to make arrangements for carrying out the design.
Should the weather prove unfavorable on Friday, the meeting will be postponed to the first pleasant day following, at the same hour and place.

THE BOSTON CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY, having for their object the reclaiming and saving boys and girls exposed to crime in the city, have a Farm of 25 acres, a short distance from Boston, with a house for the reception of 30 boys, from 8 to 12 years old. They desire to secure the services of a Farmer and his wife to take charge of the family. Any person desirous of being useful, as well as securing a fair remuneration, will please apply by letter, or personally, to HERBERT R. COOK, No. 22 Currier St., Boston.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE.—We do not provide entertainment for preachers' wives, at last session. By vote of the Conference, the Committees of Examination meet the classes on Tuesday, March 23, in the Worthen Street Church, Lowell, at 10 o'clock, A. M. A train leaves Boston at 8 o'clock, A. M.
G. WHITAKER.

PROVIDENCE CONFERENCE.—All persons passing over Providence, Warren and Fall River Railroad, to attend the Providence Conference, at Fall River, will pay full fare, going, and receive a free return pass, on application to me, at Conference.
S. C. BROWN.
March 11.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE.—RAILROAD ARRANGEMENT.—An arrangement has been made with the Boston and Albany, Worcester and Nashua, and Stony Brook Railroads, to carry passengers to Lowell, to the session of the Conference, and return, for two thirds the ordinary fare.
Tickets will be found at all the stations on the Boston and Albany Railroad, west of Worcester, except Clappville and Power's Corner, as far as Chester, and via Worcester and Groton Junction. The Worcester and Nashua trains will be found at Worcester Junction on the arrival of the 9:30 A. M. Accommodation, and the 3:40 P. M. Express trains from the West. Tickets will be purchased for the round trip.
The fare on the above Railroads has been reduced one half, instead of one third.
Tickets are to be bought for the round trip. Good from March 22 to April 1.
Worcester, Feb. 26, 1899.

LOVELL'S HISTORICAL AND STATISTICAL MISCELLANY contains the statistics of all religious bodies in the United States, with a brief history of their origin, progress, literary institutions, benevolent operations, etc., etc., with other facts not to be found in any other single work extant. A copy of the work for 1898 or 1899 can be obtained, post-paid, for ten cents; or a copy of both for fifteen cents, by addressing
Rev. A. B. LOVELL,
March 11. 21. Bolster's Mills, Me.

Business Notices.

CURE FOR COUGH OR COLD.—As soon as there is the slightest uneasiness of the chest, with difficulty of breathing, or indications of Cough, take during the day a few "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Containing demulcent ingredients, they allay Pulmonary Irritation. Have them in readiness upon the first appearance of a Cold or Cough.
March 15, 11 41

EMINENT MEN OF SCIENCE have discovered that electricity and magnetism are developed in the system from the iron in the blood. This accounts for the debility, low spirits, and lack of energy a person feels when this vital element becomes reduced. The Ferrusina Syrup, a protoxide of iron, supplies the blood with its iron element, and in the only form in which it is possible for it to enter the circulation.
March 15. 16 *

HEAVY ALL-WOOL KIDDERMINSTERS. \$1 per yard; heavy linen Kidderminster, 87 1/2 cents per yard; Dun-dee linen Carpets, 75 cents per yard; Rustic Cottage Carpets, 62 1/2 and 50 cents per yard; Electro Carpets, Imperfect in matching, 42 cents per yard. New Carpet Warehouse, 47 Washington St., Boston.
JOHN J. FEASLEY & CO.

FLOOR OIL CLOTHS.—We make a specialty of these goods. The largest assortment at the lowest prices, at our New Carpet Warehouse, 47 Washington St., Boston.
JOHN J. FEASLEY & CO.

CARPETS.—The people supplied at low prices. New opening, Brussels, Tapestries, Three-ply, super-fine, Kidderminster, Oil Cloths, Matting, &c., at the New Carpet Warehouse, 47 Washington St., Boston.
JOHN J. FEASLEY & CO.

GREAT SALE OF CARPETING.—In consequence of the removal of the block we occupy, by order of the city government, to widen Hanover Street, and no other premises being available, we shall sell off our entire lot of Carpets at wholesale and retail, at greatly reduced prices, presenting an opportunity that has not been offered for years for purchasers to supply themselves at such low prices. Our entire stock will be open to retail on terms, comprising Brussels, Tapestries, three-ply, Kidderminster, super-fine, extra fine, etc. Also, Stair Carpets in large variety, Floor Oil Cloths, Canton Matting, Rugs, Mats, etc.
NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., 73 Hanover St., Boston.
March 4, 41 16 *

ORNAMENTAL AND USEFUL.—Buy only Silver Tipped Shoes for Children. Will outwear three pairs without tips.
Feb 4, 3mos. 29
USE HULL'S BAY RUN SOAP, and none other. For sale by the principal Druggists.
17. May 1.

DR. BURTON'S TOBACCO ANTIDOTE.—Warranted to remove all desire for Tobacco. It is entirely vegetable and harmless. It purifies and enriches the blood, invigorates the system, possesses great nourishing and strengthening power, is unequalled as a Tonic, Nerve and Appetizer, enables the stomach to digest the heartiest food, makes sleep refreshing, and establishes robust health. Smokers and chewers for Sixty years cured. Price, Fifty Cents per box, post-free. A treatise on the injurious effects of Tobacco, with lists of references, testimonials, etc., sent free. Agents wanted. Address Dr. T. R. Abbott, Jersey City, N. J. Sold by all Druggists. Beware of injurious imitations.
Testimonial from Bishop SIMPSON, of the M. E. Church, and Rev. JAMES NEILL.
The unimpeachable testimony in favor of "Dr. Burton's Tobacco Antidote," in connection with what Bishop Simpson tells me he has seen of its great curative power during his recent Western tour, induces me to give it a trial.
JAMES NEILL.
Of the firm of Hammett & Neill, Philadelphia, Pa.
Jan. 28, 3 mos. 44

COLGATE & CO.'s Aromatic Vegetable Soap, combined with Glycerine, is recommended for Ladies and Infants.
June 25. 17.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—The Advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks, by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.
To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure Cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, etc. The object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable; and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.
Parties wishing the prescription, will please address Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, Williamsburg, King's Co., New York.
Feb 11 3mos 44

THE APRIL RIVERSIDE.
HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN has a story written "For my Young Friends in America," called LUCK MAY LIE IN A PIN. He sends in it a special message to the readers of the Riverside. WHITE AND BLACK, Mrs. Weeks's Indian story, is continued. Mr. Benjamin starts on his RAMBLES IN THE CITY OF THE GRAND TURK. Anne Silvernall tells of SPRING FLOWERS AND FUSBY-WILLOW KITTIES, with more of the doll pictures by children. There is a Bible story.—SITTING IN THE MIDST OF THE DOCTORS; a pretty poem, CHICK-A-DEE-DEE, with a bright picture; a fish story, THE ROCK-FISH AT CROSSWICKS BRIDGE; a new chapter of THE YOUNG VIRGINIANS, by FORTÉ CROYARD; a biographical sketch of COOPER; a story by the author of "Dream Children," called TOM AND JON; a paper on walking, LEGS, AND HOW TO USE THEM; a fine show of riddles and games, and other delightful stories and poems, abundantly illustrated.

THE PERILS OF TANDEM.—A BALKY LEADER.
A picture of boys playing horse, is the frontispiece. 25 cents a number. \$2.50 a year, including "The Quack Doctor."
Published by Hurd & Houghton, New York. H. O. Houghton & Co., Riverside, Cambridge, Mass.

THE REVIVALIST!!!
REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION.
THE REVIVALIST; a collection of Choice Revival Hymns and Tunes, original and selected, by Joseph Hillman.
It now contains nearly 500 choice Hymns, and over 250 soul-stirring Choruses, all set to appropriate and inspiring music.
The tunes are the choicest—new as well as old, that can be found. Many are original.
264 pages, 16mo, cloth, price, \$1. \$10 per dozen.
For sale by
JAMES P. MAGEE,
5 Cornhill, Boston.
March 15, 6w

DO YOU SEW?
AND DO YOU USE
GREENE & DANIELS'
IVORY FINISH
SPOOL COTTON?
(Warranted 200 yards.)
This Spool Cotton, greatly improved as it has been, so well known, and where best known the most popular of Spool Cottons, is just now commanding universal attention. It is not
MADNESS
to say that its popularity has lately greatly increased, and the sales are beyond precedent. It has been lately compared with other SPOOL COTTONS, and it is pronounced sheer
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